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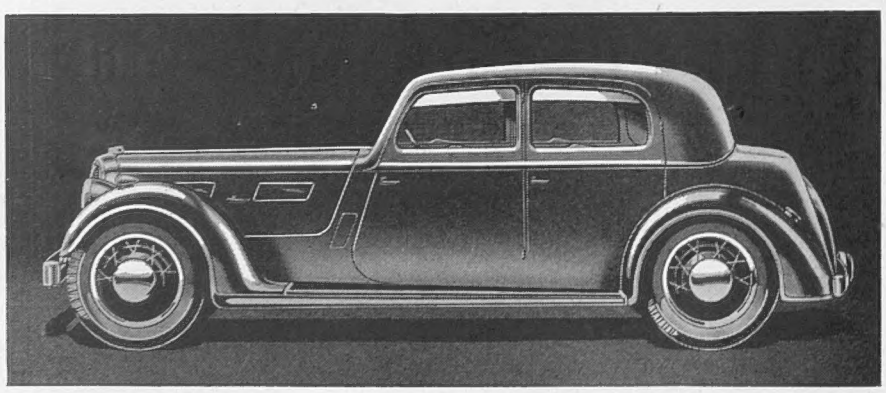

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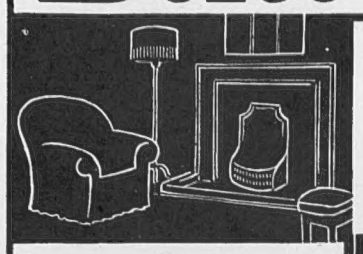

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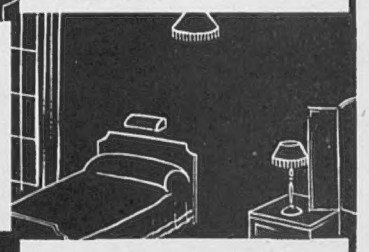

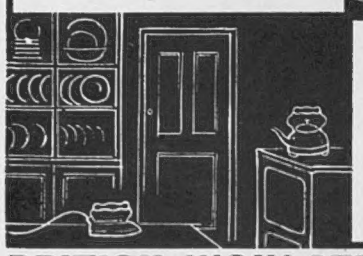

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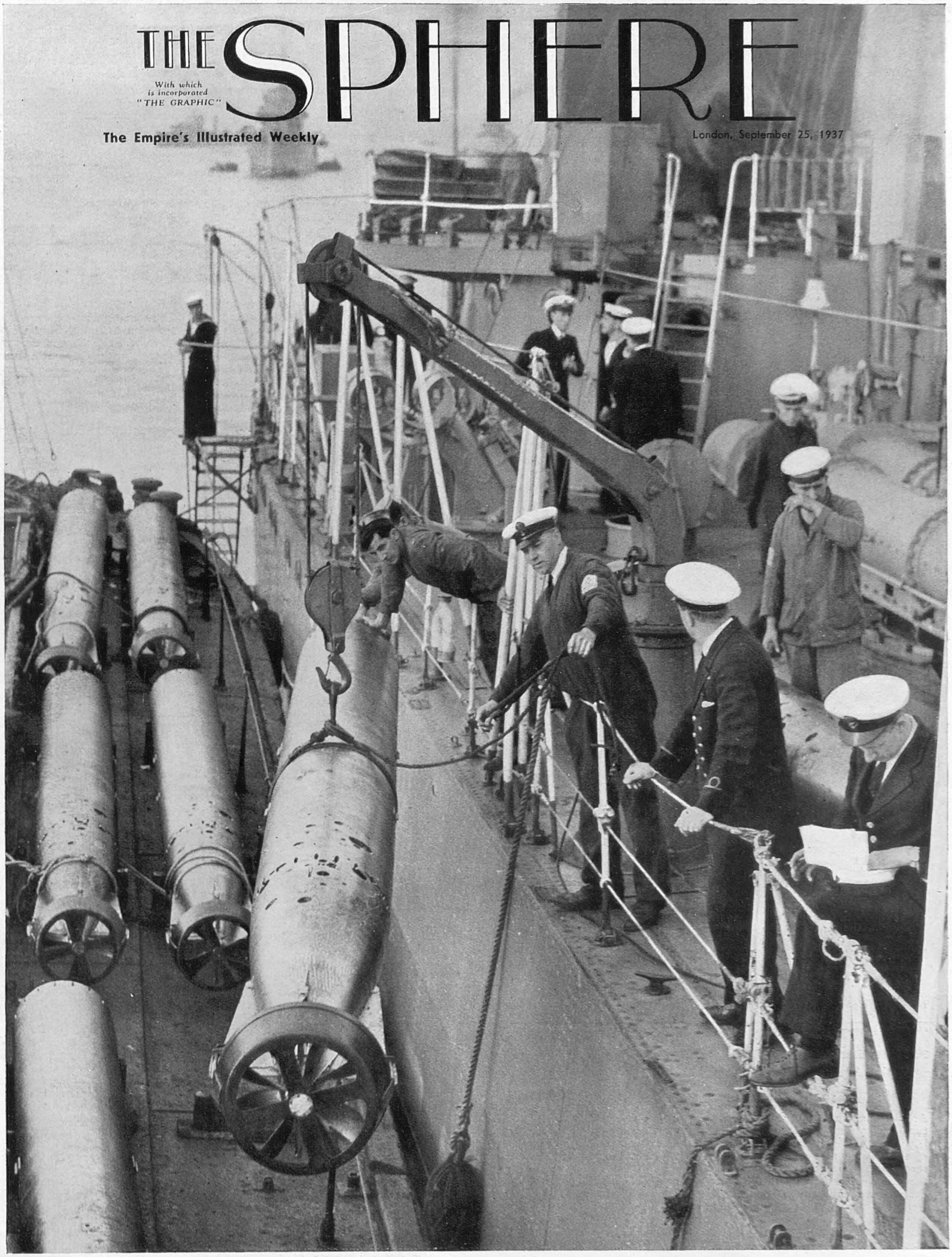
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, September 25, 1937



Defying the Pirates of the Middle Sea

Loading Torpedoes Aboard the Destroyer "Blanche" Before She Left Sheerness to Join the New Anti-Piracy Patrol in the Mediterranean

Few conferences in history have reached a speedier conclusion than that of the Nine Powers at Nyon which met to decide ways and means of stamping out piracy in the Mediterranean and tackled the problem with such extraordinary dispatch that within forty-eight hours the scheme drawn up by naval experts had been approved and within four days a Protocol had been signed to the effect that Britain and France should jointly patrol the Middle Sea, their destroyers being empowered to sink any submarine attacking a non-Spanish vessel without warning. Then came the wider arrangement, placing surface ships and aeroplanes in the same position if they violated International Law, thus bringing to an end a meeting of the nations that, in the words of Britain's Foreign Secretary, had struck a real blow against the "gangster terror of the seas". This swift work by Europe's statesmen, which was criticised in some sections of the British press, particularly those pledged to the policy of isolation, was followed up by immediate preparations to implement the decisions, British destroyers of the Eighth Division, one of which is depicted here, being quickly got ready at Sheerness and later departing for Gibraltar to join the other vessels in the patrol. At the same time Italy, which had hitherto held back, intimated her willingness to be associated in the operation of the scheme

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A WORLD WANDERER FINDS A PERMANENT HOME AND A NEW USEFULNESS: The royal research ship, *Discovery*, which carried Captain Scott to the Antarctic in 1901-1904, is now moored in the Thames off the Temple steps and on October 9 is to be inaugurated by the Duke of Kent as a training ship for Sea Scouts. Altogether there have been six *Discoveries*, each worthy upholders of the name. The first, commanded by Baffin, went to the Arctic in the seventeenth century; the second voyaged to Hudson's Bay in 1719; the third was used by Captain Cook; in the fourth Vancouver found the land named after him; and the fifth sailed in the Franklin Relief Expedition in 1875

BY THE KING'S LEAVE: Coaches taking part in the marathon from Windsor to Braywood Horse Show were permitted to use the Castle gates and traverse the roads of the Castle grounds and forest

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.

Wednesday, September 22, 1937.

THE NYON PUZZLE.—As ever in modern European diplomacy, the poor ignorant man-in-the-street (who is yet interested in the important events of the day as they affect our Empire) scratches his head over the *impasse* of the Nyon agreement. The object is declared unequivocally to free the Mediterranean for all concerned from the outrageous piracy of nameless buccaneers. To that end a large number of Powers have agreed to cooperate and zones of surveillance have been allotted. Italy also was offered a zone vital to her own shores and shipping. Apparently she "asked for more." She did not think her allotted zone sufficiently large for her status among the Powers and in the Mediterranean. The zones shouldered by Britain and France are wide and entail onerous and very expensive service. Here surely (says the ignoramus) is a test of the genuineness of both the Powers that have agreed and the Powers which stand out. The Dictator States appear to harbour a vague suspicion that Britain and France seek to shoulder Italy out of the Mediterranean in some nefarious way. The Nyon States clearly affirm the singleness of their purpose—to clean up the Mediterranean for the common good. Count Ciano has put in a firm demand for parity. If Italy asks for more responsibility in police work—which is expensive, responsible, and very ungrateful work—why in the name of sense does not the solution lie in giving her all she asks and can be forced to take on? That answer (says ignoramus) surely affords an acid test of the honesty of purpose of all the Powers concerned. Because that solution does not suggest itself, ignoramus is suspicious of what lies beneath the surface.

PALESTINE—THE RIDDLE UNSOLVED.—The Palestine mandate—optimistic product of the Thinkers of Versailles—proved itself a childish ideal, an expensive and troublesome experiment, a futility. It was conferred on Britain in 1922 by the League Council and the League was glad to "leave it to Britain" until the troubles of 1936 brought the Palestine question once more acutely before Europe. Even then, the League which gave the mandate and shares the responsibility, left it to Britain to work out a compromise, and Lord Peel's Commission apparently solved the problem. It began by declaring unequivocally that the League mandate was and had always been an unworkable absurdity, and it propounded its plan for a triple division into two sovereign States and a new mandated area of the Holy Places. Then the League's advisers on mandates stepped in again, to admit that their original mandate was perhaps not such a bright idea after all, and to throw cold water on the Commission's bright new idea. The League's advisers propounded—with the experience of failure through hasty decisions—a compromise, which entails more, and smaller, mandates for Britain, the principle of partitions safeguarded by British control over all until each nation—Jew and Arab—shall have learned to govern themselves. And there the matter rests, with all to do still. The old mandates nuisance, with its expense and responsibility and total lack of compensating benefits, a new Royal Commission to wander round and take evidence and sift opposing claims and grievances, no prospect of settlement ahead in our time and the League, responsible for the initial folly, looking down its nose at all suggested substitutes.

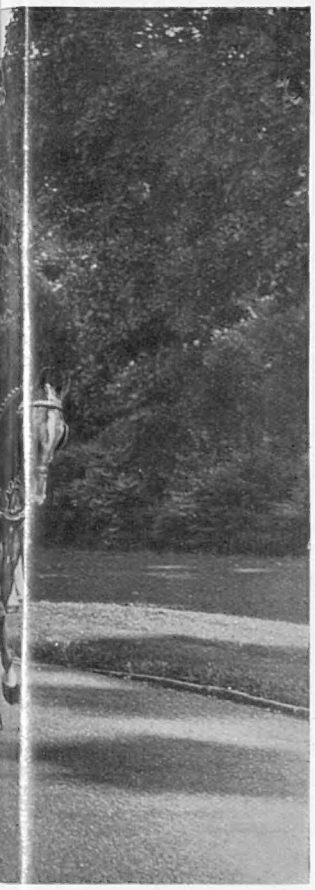
MASARYK.—It is a feather in our cap that we have never, if we could help it, allowed Britain to become the "pouting place of Princes" or foreign notables who have from time to time taken refuge here. Where it was possible, we have utilised their services and given them work to do of a non-contentious and non-political kind, for the common good of humanity. So Masaryk, when he came to Britain in the great war, was appointed a lecturer at King's College and his admiration for British institutions dated from that time. True, as lecturer in London's University, he spoke beyond his brief. He mixed a strong dash of his own country's politics in his discourses and he conducted a campaign against Austria which greatly embarrassed her and did much to advance his own national cause. But war is war and a privileged occasion. This son of a Moravian coachman was a truly great man. He began life as a blacksmith's assistant. He educated himself to become a teacher, won his doctor's degree in philosophy in Vienna and Leipzig, and became Czech-side lecturer at Prague Combined University. Here his influence over the Bohemian students was soon great and his aim was to substitute English doctrines in place of German philosophy. Those were his writing days; from Prague his important books issued regularly. He entered spasmodically into Austrian politics and formed his own party in opposition to the Central Government and to resist tooth and nail the Dual Monarchy's domination in Bosnia and Herzegovina. So, when the war came, he was ready to take the plunge for his own nation. He was an old man now, nearly sixty-five. But he started hopefully on a four years' propaganda tour of Europe during which he and Benesh founded the Czechoslovak National Council which became for the Versailles treaty days the Provisional Government of the new Czechoslovak nation. He was soldier as well as thinker and writer and philosopher. After the Russian revolution he was the organiser and spirit of the famous Czech legion whose doings are a part of the history of that revolution. Masaryk earned his reward from the Allies when in December, 1918, he entered Prague as his Republic's first President. As President he ruled and directed his young and hot-headed nation with restraint, coolness, and prudence. He would have no racial bitterness. The German and the Magyar minorities had a fair deal while he remained. He and Benesh after him did much for the reconstruction of Europe and the Little Entente. He was in tongue and outlook "almost an Englishman"; hence our affection for him and trust in him. His health failed in 1934 and he went into retirement with all his laurels green in 1935, and died as he lived, loved and respected by those who knew him and those for whom he worked. (An appreciation by Roy Elston will be found on page 496 of this issue.)

WALL STREET BREAK.—

After inspired financial correspondents in New York had cabled their explanations of the great Wall Street break of the second and third weeks in September, the prime cause remained to seek. There were war scares about. The Far East was aflame, the Mediterranean was a-boil. Splendidly isolated on the end of the bough (which the Old World keeps on sawing through) Americans are (and it is the best of news) only now realising that the anarchy of the Old World is a vital anxiety of the New. The markets no doubt were thin and under the new broom the habit of supporting their own securities by individual companies can no longer mitigate general slumps. Then there were the trade returns—they could not be regarded as bull points. Rising prices for goods of all kinds could not conceal a marked decline in trading. But Mr. Roosevelt's organised and controlled "economy" is no new menace or grievance. His squandermania is now an ancient and almost an honoured institution. There is almost a national pride to be fed on the mouthing of the figures of his little bill. What was the explanation? I think it is a simpler one. It lies in the survival of a belief that Wall Street (or any other stock exchange) possesses authority, logic, knowledge, courage, sense, or any other manly virtue. What in fact is a stock exchange? It is a Bedlam of nervous cases; an exchange for stories, gossip, rumour, lies planned and impromptu, anonymous half truth; it is the playground of amateurs, the classroom of the unskilled, the battleground of the sharp-wits and the nursery of half-wits. It is coward's acre and the burial ground of constructive industry and common sense. And what, says you, has Wall Street or any other stock exchange to do with the state of mind in which a nation buys or sells its counters. Ideally, no doubt, a stock exchange should be a silent, smooth-running channel through which the securities and shares of registered companies are bought and sold and exchanged by the investing public and investing corporations. But in fact it is always something much more, and much more dangerous. It is for ever seeking to stimulate its own business (small wonder, for in boom times its profits are dazzling and easy), and it is the prime purveyor of insane optimism and unfounded pessimism (both bring grist to the mill) and it assumes a duty for which it is ill-qualified—to advise the public on its choice of investments. No stock exchange can ever see the wood for the trees and no investor should ever seek advice from his stockbroker. *Verb. sap. Experientia docet.*

THE UNKNOWN ISLAND.—

In the Grand Canyon the imaginings of Wells and Conan Doyle are being put to the test. It only remains to learn if Nature possesses the resources of the writers of fiction. The America Natural History Museum sent a party of climbers to scale the rock which for 50,000 years or so has divided the plateau of Shiva's Temple in the Grand Canyon from the world we know and live in. Roped together the party reached the plateau which stands remote and untouched by human history and pitched their camp in the terra incognita. Then they burned a flare which told the watchers below that the ascent was accomplished. At the moment of writing we await full reports from the expedition. None surely ever stepped so far into the world of romance on a scientific expedition. What has Nature been doing without the intervention of man? Will they find a better world than that they came from? It is not impossible. If Nature has any resource she may provide a sharp lesson for the pride of the human race. The first wireless communications from the plateau indicate already that some of our scientific theories may need revision. For no signs of water have been found, yet there is evidence of the existence there both of mice and men, and sharp evidence of mosquito life.



ROMFORD'S DAY OF DAYS: Footmen who attended the Lord Mayor of London (Sir William Broadbridge) when he visited the borough last week to present the recently-granted Royal Charter of Incorporation and to open the new Town Hall. All the principal streets were decorated, bells pealed, the school children were granted a holiday, and thousands of the inhabitants turned out to take part in the various ceremonies

SPEED.—The motor industry is in an impregnable position which would not be menaced by a total reduction of speed. It is an appalling thought. While thousands die yearly and millions and millions of money are poured away in half measures, one key—the likely solution—rusts in a drawer and may not be taken out. The first answer to my contention is itself a sham. That answer is: "Look at the statistics; the figures show that two-thirds of the accidents occur in built-up areas where a speed limit *is* enforced." What is the answer to that? The built-up areas contain not two-thirds but nine-tenths of the population on the roads liable to accident. *Here* are the bulk of the pavements crowded with jay walkers, *here* are the crossings, *here* the cyclists darting out of by-streets, *here* the slum children at play. . . . And as for the 30 m.p.h. speed limit, it has been disregarded for a long time. The average speed in built-up areas is nearer 35 m.p.h. The supreme sham of civilisation's attitude to road deaths lies in the fact that a vital experiment has not under present conditions been made, and can never be made. None of us, however much we abhor the slaughter, even dreams that it could be tried. What we deplore is the hypocrisy of civilisation in its attitude towards this human tragedy. What we should welcome would be a frank admission by our own authorities that speed is more important than human life; that the progress of Science has always and must always lie over the bodies of the human race, for the ultimate benefit of posterity. *Then* we could approach the problem of making the best of things at least without hypocrisy.

"DEAR YOUTH."—

I see that Lady Wilson's *Dear Youth* is still a best seller in its fourth edition. I do not wonder, for it is a beautifully written book with hardly a word that is out of place, and hardly an epithet which is unnecessary. It is a fine idea, this cavalcade of all our yesterdays seen through the eyes of a poor little German governess who taught three generations of famous English families, including the Ribblesdales and the Asquiths. The art of Lady Wilson is very perfect. Necessarily the names in her fiction-autobiography are "names which make news"—*The Ancestor*, Lady Oxford, Lord Oxford, Charles Lister, and the Grenfell brothers all figure in it. But it is a story of youth—of that generation whom the Gods loved and preserved for us eternally young—and Lady Wilson assumed the task of chronicling that golden age with every qualification. When one considers what might have come of it, what has come of such chronicles in other hands, one appreciates the art and tenderness and rightness of judgment, the taste and lightness of touch, the understanding and the beauty of Lady Wilson's little masterpiece. The idea is not so new. There is a considerable literature that has gathered round the theme of the governess and family friend, and it is for the most part true and touching and sad. Lady Wilson has touched the theme with gold and made of it an idyll of love and courage and gaiety in suffering.

THE MOLLISONS.—

The marital disputes of the Mollisons supplied—apparently by mutual consent—the first thrill of the autumn publishing season. It cannot be said to be a new bay leaf in the chaplet of literature. Rather one may hope that it marks the nadir of sensationalism both in literature and journalism. *Playboy of the Air* is published by Michael Joseph at 10s. 6d. and has been given a splash send off by a section of the Press. The type of autobiography which can be summed up under the title of "Things I can sell" is unfortunately no new phenomenon, but it is doubtful if it was ever carried so far as Mr. Mollison carries it. This mélange of night-life adventure in cocktail bars and dance halls, of high adventure in the air, of sordid details of matrimonial disputes, and intimate details concerning the women the author didn't marry, would, in a more decent world, have been passed over in silence and consigned to the oblivion it deserves. But there is money in that type of disclosure. Those most vitally concerned have thought fit not to miss the tide, and the public have the advantage of an exclusive and inclusive story of the married life of an air-ace. The things he can sell are cheapened by the junk mixed up with the gems. His courage is not in question, though he seems to have fed it on brandy. He could have told a plain story of courage and resolution. What he has given—for good and sufficient reason no doubt—holds up a mirror to our age. And the face in the mirror is as ugly as the face of Hogarth's age. Throughout his book he girds at the publicity which for ever surrounds the public character and obstructs his chance of private happiness, and while he girds he sheds on his private life and on those who shared it a searchlight of publicity more glaring, cruel, and searching than any beam directed from outside.

THE OLD STAGER

OFF TO THE ANTARCTIC: The royal research ship, *William Scoresby*, in St. Katherine Dock, London, before setting out on her latest expedition, the object of which is to mark whales in order to study their migratory habits and help in the preservation of their numbers. The voyage of some 30,000 miles and seven months duration has been arranged by the Discovery Committee, and the ship will approach the icefield south of the Falkland Islands about the middle of November, well in advance of the whaling fleets. The whales, in accordance with past practice, will be marked with steel darts fired into the blubber, so that when they are eventually caught the darts will be found and sent to the Colonial Office with details of time and place. The *William Scoresby's* crew of ex-naval and merchant seamen numbers twenty-three. Christmas and the New Year will be observed at sea when it is mid-summer in the Antarctic. The ship is fitted with short-wave wireless, by which broadcasts from London may be received

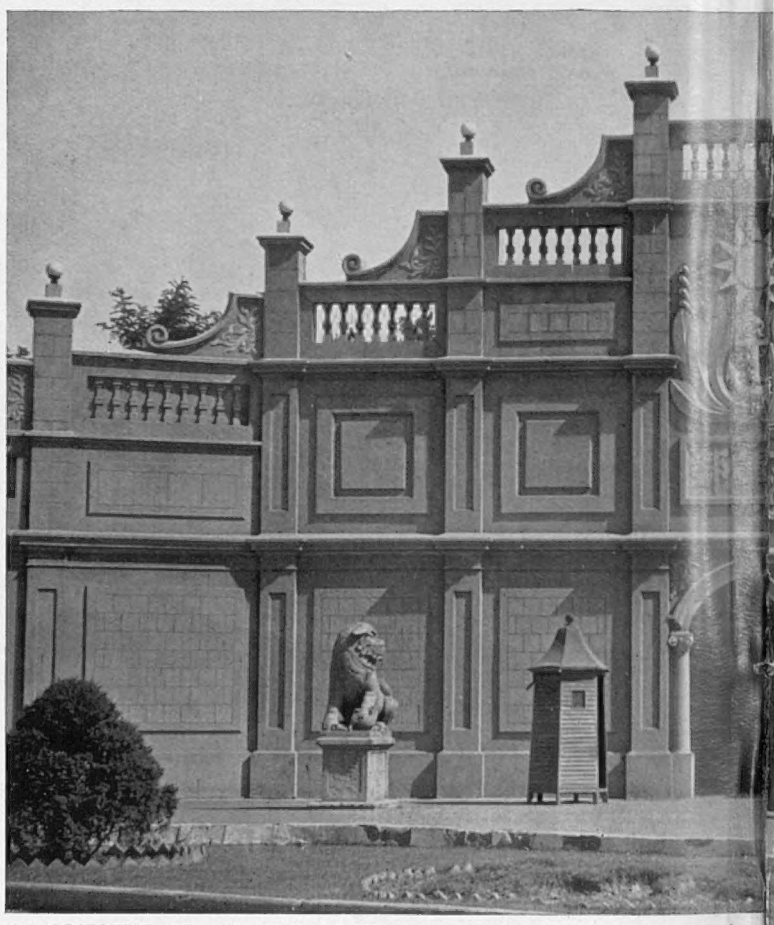
SPANISH SAILORS IN BRITISH PORT: Members of the crew of the Government destroyer, *Jose Luis Diez*, which recently put into Falmouth Harbour for repairs, boarding a coach under police supervision when on the way to Exeter gaol. They had walked off the vessel as a protest against the appointment of a new captain and were taken into custody for their own safety

MIMIC WAR AND

The Attack on Nanking—The Reich Army's Display at

WARRIORS OF THE AIR: A Japanese naval officer issuing last minute instructions to pilots before setting out on a bombing expedition on the Chinese mainland. A new picture from the Eastern war zone where the situation

FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MANSION GUTTED: An aerial impression of the ruins of Ickwell Bury, Bedfordshire, ancestral home of the Harvey family for 300 years, after it had been destroyed by fire last Monday morning. The house, which had sixty rooms, was sold in 1924 to the Rev. G. L. Deuchar, who used it as a preparatory school, but since July it had been unoccupied, while fortunately enough all the furniture was removed last week following a sale



AN OBJECTIVE OF JAPANESE AIRMEN: The Admiralty in Nanking is one of many new buildings in this city which of recent years has undergone considerable development in view of its importance as the seat of China's central Government. Last Monday it was raided twice, each attack

DUAL SMASH AT BROOKLANDS: Mr. R. Parnell's shattered M.G. car after it had collided with Mrs. K. Petre's Austin during a practise run on the Weybridge track. Both cars hurtled over the Byfleet bank, and Mrs. Petre suffered such severe injuries that she had to be taken to the local hospital. The accident happened on Friday of last week, but on the following Tuesday she had not regained consciousness. Mr. Parnell had a really remarkable escape

BERLIN TAKES COVER: Air raid practice is a periodic feature of life in the German capital these days, but last Monday's effort was quite the most elaborate so far devised, fully testing the city's defences and the highly organised measures for the protection of the civil population, and the repair of damage to water, gas, and electrical services. When the first aircraft was heard 10 minutes after the alarm went all residents were under cover.

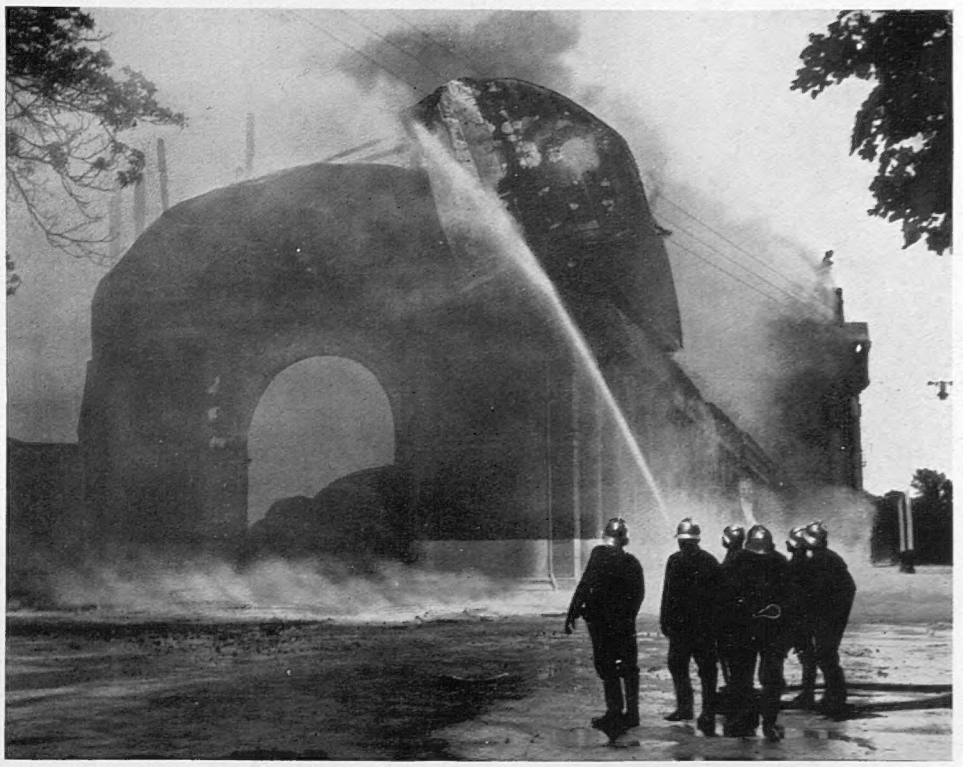
WAR IN EARNEST

Nuremberg—Berlin Raided—And Other News in Pictures

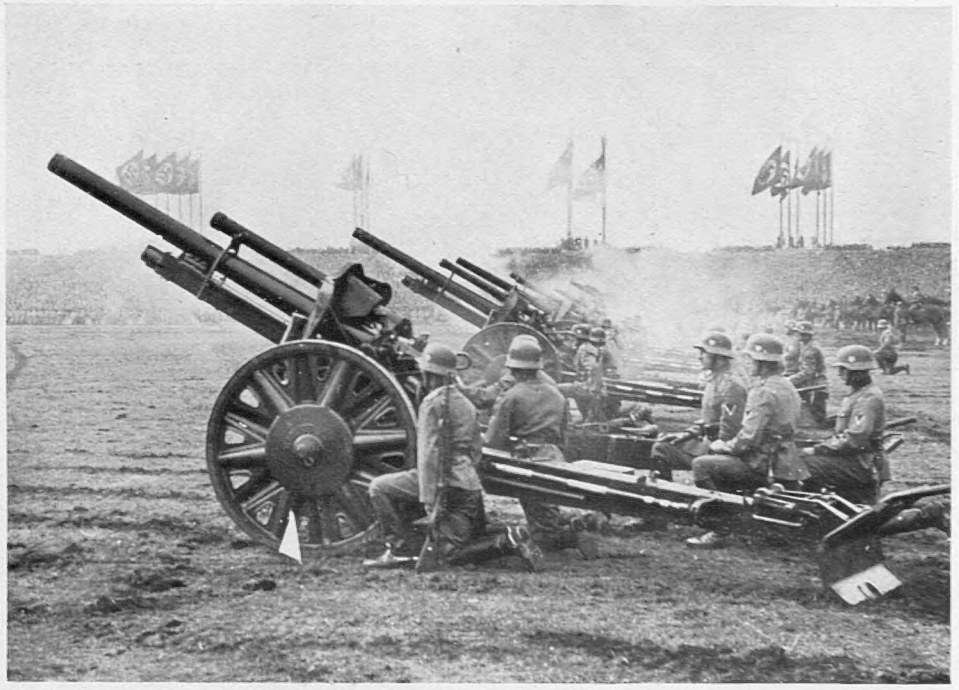
daily grows more menacing. This week Vice-Admiral Hasegawal, tne Japanese C.-in-C., intimated to foreigners the advisability of moving to safety from Nanking, following this up with a mass attack on the city

being carried out by thirty-five to forty bombers, which dropped at least 30 tons of high explosive representing, it is estimated, a destructive power ten times greater than that of the biggest raid in the great war. In mid-week there was an even larger assault by some fifty planes

Half an hour later they were allowed to leave and go about their business, except in Siemensstadt and the Wilhelmstrasse neighbourhood. The police isolated these quarters for 5 hours while rescue work, fire fighting, decontamination, and other operations were in progress. *Left*—Wrecked lorries and debris piled high in the streets added to the realism of the occasion. *Above*—Playing a hose on a road in the wake of a gas decontamination squad



VIENNA'S CRYSTAL PALACE GOES UP IN FLAMES: Firemen attempting to check the blaze at the Rotunde, the great exhibition building in the Prater, which was totally destroyed on September 17, a few days after the close of the Vienna Fair. The Rotunde, one of the largest structures of its kind in Europe, was built for the World Exhibition of 1873, and in the days of the monarchy was put to a wide variety of uses. In 1912 Reinhardt's production of *The Miracle* was staged there, while eight years previously it harboured Barnum and Bailey's Circus



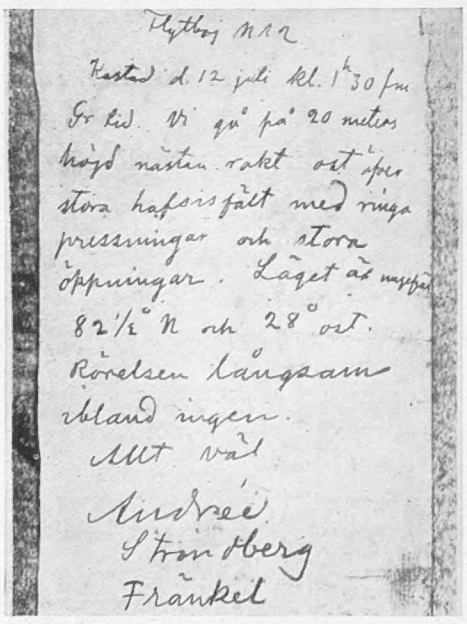
BIG GUNS AT NUREMBERG: Heavy artillery in action on the Zeppelin field during the display and parade by Germany's armed forces on the last day of the National Socialist Party rally. Addressing the gathering Chancellor Hitler declared that peace could be enjoyed only by the strong

SEÑORITA LIZANA WINS U.S. LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP: The Chilean star receiving the cup from Mr. Holcomb Ward, President of the American L.T.A., after her victory over Mlle Jedrzjowska (left), the Polish player, in the final at Forest Hills. The Señorita was in really wonderful form, her wily tactics time and time again deceiving her hard hitting opponent. Mlle Jedrzjowska, it will be remembered, was also beaten in the Wimbledon final this year

FROM THE WEEK'S HEADLINES

REJOICINGS ON THE RED SQUARE: An overhead view of the huge parade held in Moscow last week on International Youth Day, an annual event for which boys and girls from many parts of the Union come to the capital to demonstrate their loyalty. On the right are the Kremlin walls

WITH HEADS ERECT AND RED FLAGS FLYING the young women of modern Russia marched past their leaders on the twenty-third International Youth Day in Moscow. Youth is thoroughly organised in Russia and the Young Communist League is reputed to have a membership about 4,000,000 strong



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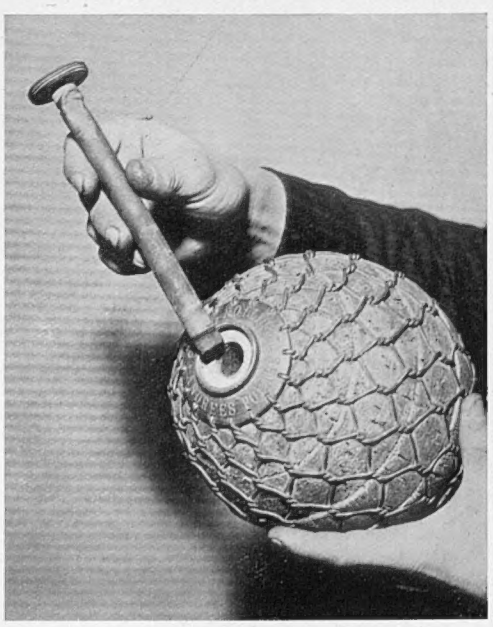
Fränkel



AN ECHO OF FORTY YEARS BACK: In 1897 an attempt to fly over the Arctic regions in a balloon was made by the Norwegian explorer, Professor Andrée, and his companions, Strindberg and Frankel. The three men ascended from Spitzbergen, and that was the last ever heard of them until seven years ago, when the Arctic packs gave up their skeletons and the débris of their expedition. Now comes another discovery. A Norwegian fishing boat, the *Gudrun*, has picked up in the sea off Spitzbergen a cork buoy (*right*) containing a letter (*left*) signed by Andrée and his companions. It reads as follows: "Swimming buoy No. 2. Thrown July 12, 1.30 o'clock. We go on 20 metres height almost straight east over great ice-fields with little pressure and big openings. The position is about 82½ degrees north and 28 degrees east. The motion slow; sometimes none. All well"

MR. EDEN SPEAKS HIS MIND AT GENEVA: Britain's Foreign Minister on the way to the League Assembly meeting this week when he made what was generally voted as the most vital speech of the session, dwelling on the economic tensions lying behind the world's political dangers and declaring Great Britain's intention to open the colonial

SEARCHING FOR PREHISTORIC SURVIVALS IN "LOST WORLD": The mighty rock pinnacle of Shiva's Temple, rising 1,200 ft. from the Grand Canyon of Arizona, which became the centre of world attention last week when it was announced that members of the Patterson-American Museum of Natural History Expedition had reached the

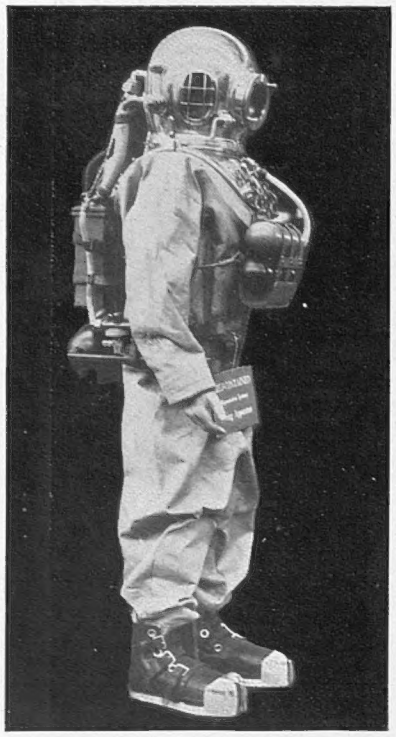
markets as far as she could as a means of contributing to a general easing of the situation. The work of appeasement, he said, could not be confined to the sphere of economics. It was threefold: economic, financial, political. Other countries, no matter what their ideology, must play their part in full if the task was to be successful

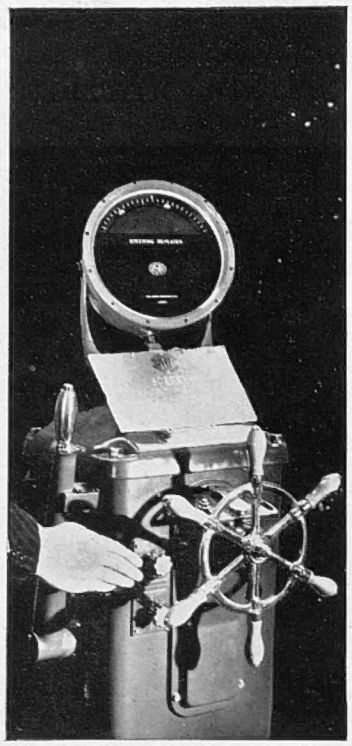
ROYAL WEDDING IN ROME: Princess Catherine of Russia and the Marchese Farace, a member of a well-known Italian family, leaving the church of St. Andrew after their marriage in Rome last week. Until her engagement the Princess was employed as a stenographer in the Italian Legation at Cairo

THE GREAT ROUND-UP IN MONTMARTRE AND MONTPARNASSE: Suspects awaiting interrogation at a police station following a night of activity by the Paris police who, stung by newspaper charges of laxity, visited many of the most notorious night resorts and brought in hundreds of people suspected of white-slaving, drug-peddling, and anarchist plotting. The whole subject, it may be remembered, was recently ventilated at some length in *The Sphere* by our foreign correspondent, Ferdinand Tuohy

summit and begun their exploration of the wooded plateau that has been completely isolated from the mainland since the Ice Age. It was hoped that they might find animals different in special characteristics from any that have ever been classified elsewhere, and on Monday last Dr. Anthony, the leader, sent a hopeful message to the base camp

A CAR-LOAD OF SUSPECTS arriving at Paris police headquarters for interrogation following the round-up in the night haunts of Montmartre and Montparnasse. The newspaper attacks which brought about this activity were launched in the first place when Jean de Koven, an American dancer visiting Paris disappeared in mysterious circumstances and they were intensified later by the bomb outrages in which two buildings belonging to employers' organisations were blown up in the Arc de Triomphe district





WONDERS OF THE ENGINEERING AND MARINE EXHIBITION, that great display of human ingenuity that for the past week has been drawing young and old to the portals of Olympia. *Left*—The self-contained diving suit in which the diver can operate without being dependent on help from the surface. *Centre*—The Sperry two-unit "gyro-pilot" is another attraction at this unique show. Similar equipment is used in navigating the *Queen Mary*. *Right*—The giant Exide battery employed in propelling submarines when under water

ROYAL SISTERS STEP OUT: The Duchess of Kent, who has just returned from her Continental holiday, leaving her home at No. 3, Belgrave Square, with her sister Princess Paul, wife of the Prince Regent of Yugoslavia. They were going on a shopping expedition

QUEEN MARY IN LEEDS: Her Majesty being received on arrival at the city's art gallery to which she paid a visit a few days ago. She had motored over from Harewood House where she has been making her annual stay with the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood

A GOOD DOUBLE! Mr. Clive Graham, so well known to followers of racing as a sporting journalist with a penchant for picking winners in big events, leaving St. James's, Spanish Place, with his bride, Miss Dudley North, elder daughter of the late Hon. Dudley North. Their marriage was one of last week's big social events

GILLIE POTTER'S DAUGHTER WEDS: The noted comedian leaving his home at Five Mile Cottage with his daughter Marjorie before her marriage to Mr. Peter Jamieson which took place at Highgate a few days ago

Disquieting Features of NATIONAL HEALTH INSURANCE

Matters Demanding Inquiry

By A. BRADFORD HILL

IT may be said, without perhaps too much elaboration of the obvious, that the National Health Insurance scheme is one of the most important social services which has been developed in this country. Under its provisions nearly 17,000,000 of our occupied population are entitled to the various medical and cash benefits it offers in the event of sickness.

The administration of the scheme lies largely in the hands of the 7,000 approved societies and branches to which the insured persons belong, and their financial soundness is therefore a matter of national concern. Under the Act of 1924 it was provided that the assets and liabilities of each society or branch must be actuarially valued at the expiration of every five years by valuers appointed by the Treasury. The final report on this extremely heavy piece of work is published periodically by the Government Actuary who has just issued the results of the fourth valuation (Cmd. 5,496, 2s. net).

The position revealed in this report is, on the whole, one for satisfaction, but certain exceptions are apparent and the Government Actuary gives a word or two of warning as to the future. An outstanding feature of the valuation is the fact that the aggregate net surplus disclosed, nearly £37,000,000, is rather larger than that found at the last valuation, in spite of the heavy strain experienced during the years under review from the high incidence of unemployment.

As might be expected this last factor has had a particularly unfavourable effect upon the approved societies situated in Wales. Rather more than half this huge surplus has been declared disposable in the shape of additional benefits, above the statutory levels, and as special treatment benefits. As in the past, therefore, nearly nine-tenths of the insured persons will be able to draw benefits in excess of the basic levels.

It must be observed at the same time that rather more than 2,000,000 members, roughly one in every eight, will not enjoy these advantages. To pay equal contributions but to benefit to a less extent in event of sickness seems to be an anomalous position, but the method puts, advisably, a premium on good management and administration.

In the recent years of heavy unemployment there has, in fact, been some assistance from one society to another. This has been achieved by means of a levy on the contributions of all societies, whereby those whose members are in regular employment help those whose members are less fortunate in that respect. But even now, with a substantial fall in the amount of unemployment, the Government Actuary finds it necessary to emphasise that the shortage of contributions due to unemployment is only partially offset by the available provision. This is a fact which must inevitably retard the future growth of surpluses generally.

The other somewhat disquieting feature is found in the trend of the cost of benefits for disablement (long-period illness). With sickness (short-period illness) the position has been satisfactory. The actual cost of sickness benefit between the third and fourth valuation dates has been below the cost for which provision was made, 10 per cent. below for men and 2 per cent. below for women. With disablement benefit the actual cost is above the expected cost, by 8 per cent. for men and 9 per cent for women.

Further, this excess has risen rather sharply in the most recent years for which information is available. It is a matter which clearly demands inquiry and the attention of the National Health Insurance Joint Committee was drawn to it some time ago. A comprehensive investigation is now being undertaken into the underlying causes.

Five years ago, it may be remembered, the position of women gave cause for grave anxiety and in the Act of 1932 severe measures had to be taken to restore equivalence between benefits and contributions. The present position is much more encouraging; there has been an improvement in women's claims and especially amongst married women. But women also show the upward trend of the disablement experience and it would be premature to say that the revised scale of contributions in relation to benefits is adequate to preserve stability.

To maintain the financial soundness of the whole system needs constant care by those responsible for the certification and supervision of claims.

FESTAL DAYS in VENICE and BRITTANY

The All-Jewish City in Danger of Losing its Renowned Beach

RACING ALONG THE GRAND CANAL: Big crowds always turn out for the Venetian water carnival when the gondoliers, seemingly perilously perched in the sterns of their frail craft, pit their skill against one another, sometimes bunching so closely together that it seems they must collide

THE PARDON OF ST. ANNE DE LA PALUD: Peasant women in their strange but picturesque headgear walking across the sands after attending the open air service and taking part in the procession at this annual religious festival, one of many held during the summer months throughout the length and breadth of Brittany

THEY CAME IN THEIR THOUSANDS: Breton peasants gathered round the church before the open air service at the Pardon of St. Anne de la Palud. All were dressed in their best for the occasion, the older folk wearing black. Farther down the slope can be seen the booths where refreshments and souvenirs were sold

TEL AVIV'S PLAGE THREATENED: This renowned beach, the playground of the all-Jewish city and resort on Palestine's Mediterranean seaboard, is at the moment the subject of a bitter controversy, as the projected scheme to reclaim land from the sea for building development would inevitably result in this wonderful stretch of foreshore losing its existing character. It seems highly probable that the plan will come to fruition and that visitors and residents will be forced to find a less suitable spot for bathing and sunbathing some distance to the north. Needless to say they are voicing their dissatisfaction in very definite terms, urging that with the beach's disappearance Tel Aviv would lose its main attraction and much of its substantial income from the tourist trade

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PROPOUNDERS OF NEW CREEDS: General Ludendorff (*left*), brilliant German wartime military strategist, and his second wife, Frau Mathilde Ludendorff (*centre*) whose joint publication *Sacred Fount of German Strength* expounds the pagan doctrines that are in these days gaining such a hold in the Third Reich. *Right*—Reichsbishop Müller whose effort to harness the Church to the State's requirements has met with failure and who is now touring the country in support of less drastic teachings

The FATHERLAND *and* THE FAITH

The Religious Struggle Continues in Germany and Strange Disquieting Teachings Emerge from those Who Would Harness the Church to the State's Requirements

By FERDINAND TUOHY

DID you know that Schiller died no natural death but was poisoned by Goethe, acting under masonic urge? Did you know that the Jew, Moses Mendelssohn, reserved a like mysterious and perfidious end for Lessing the poet? Or that "Warfield" wasn't the lady's authentic name, at all, she being descended in direct line from Samson? You should read your *Sacred Fount of German Strength*, as I've been doing. Editors and publishers, General Erich and Frau Doktor Mathilde von Ludendorff, commonly self-styled "the House of Ludendorff," address, Tutzing, Lake Starnberg, Bavaria.

After being in turn great captain, political partisan, prophet, Ludendorff has added a fourth mantle as clairvoyant into the past. Maybe it would be more accurate to say that Frau Doktor Mathilde does the clairvoyance and that everything she says goes with the General: goes into print in the couple's unique bi-monthly publication, and into a hundred thousand letter-boxes of subscribers scattered through the Reich.

The review is a gold mark's worth. Produced almost in its entirety by the industry of the Haus Ludendorff, whose duet of output in book, pamphlet, and article form amazes, it sustains an offensive in the grand manner—*Trommelfeuer*—against the Big Four whose machinations would encompass the destruction of Germany: Freemasons, Marxists, Jews, and Jesuits.

Surprising revelations are the result, engrossing voyage of rediscovery through history, ancient, medieval, and modern. The Tutzing villa emerges at once as antiquary's cave and granary of Hoffmann, pagan temple, rendezvous centre of fanatics, and link between the sexes paganly bitten. The advertisement columns of the review are almost as intriguing as the cartoons and illustrations—

"Distinguished paganness seeks exchange of thought with pagan of like education."

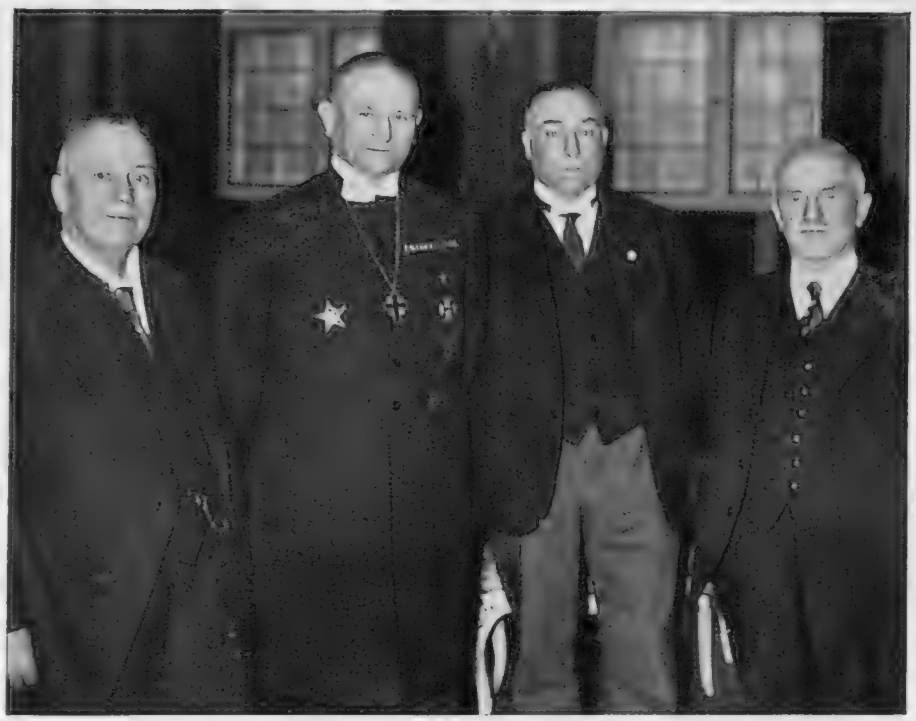
A recent cartoon shows a raft awash in a storm and a black figure going under. The raft is marked "Bible" and the drowning one is a priest, "smitten by the House of Ludendorff, terror of all ecclesiasts."

The soldier who commanded millions and presided over the greatest battles in history is immensely beholden to his second wife, who has a degree of philosophy but has long been a neurotic subject. The ex-Quartermaster-General repeatedly does obeisance in print to "the great philosopher, Frau Doktor Mathilde Ludendorff," at one stage acquainting readers that "the world will have to choose between Christ and the philosophy of Mathilde Ludendorff." Again: "The writings of Doktor Mathilde Ludendorff contain more substance than the whole joint work of Kant and Schopenhauer."

Naturally the lady's books are copiously advertised. *The World Freed from Jesus Christ. Soul of Man. German Faith. The History of Creation. Soul of the Child. A Plan of Science and Life. Man Creates Himself.*

When the General collaborates, the literary sequel is shorter and more popular in character, as with *The Great Fright*, a condensation of the supreme wind-up that the House of Ludendorff has generated among men of the Church. The leitmotif of it all is contained in the *Erlösung von Jesu Christo*, included in which is a rending of the false and fabricated Bible. When the clergy retaliated to this, the Haus Ludendorff promptly came back with *Abgeblitzt*, possible of translation as "Dud."

In this and a preceding work, *The Secret of the Jesuits*, our joint authors proclaim the Vatican to be G.H.Q. of the attempted colossal crime against Germany. Under the cry "War on Juda and Rome!" the General mounts the glacis to St. Peter's. Here is the root of the cancer: in Christianity. This is the specific toxic poison of the German soul. To it must be opposed *The Experience of the German God*. For the German creates God in himself. All importing from without, revelation, grace and pardon, redemption, form for him only a disintegration and a loss. Not *by* Christ, but *from* Christ, must the German be liberated. Frau Mathilde has said it: Erlösung *von*.



"THE CHURCHES MUST SERVE NATIONAL SOCIALIST IDEOLOGIES" has been the burden of Nazi propaganda ever since the party came to power and Reichsbishop Müller (pictured second from left with members of his ministry) was appointed leader of the new German Evangelical faith. The Reichsbishop, who has been defied repeatedly, is now championing the "League for German Christianity" which, it is fervently hoped by the Nazi Government, will appease temporarily at any rate, outraged Roman Catholic and Orthodox Protestant sensibilities

The Tutzing villa might be a great joke in other times. To-day, the plain facts are that its Hoffmannesque factory increasingly responds to the urges of a race-drunk multitude tired of the refusal of organised religion, sunk, as they see it, in the sands of the distant past, to line up with modern life and problems; that some months ago the Nazi Party formally recognised the Ludendorff neo-paganism as a religion no less worthy of State protection than Catholicism or Protestantism; and that a new German National Church movement of which foreigners seem as yet to have heard little or nothing, but which has the blessing of the Fuehrer, displays unmistakable signs of attempted compromise with the Haus Ludendorff.

Notably has contact been made with pagan rites over such observances as the winter and summer solstices, when National Church congregations assemble round giant bonfires and intone—

"Comrades, bearers of torches, be of good German faith."

Response: "Our souls are pure fire, fit only for the noblest use."

Follows a "fire oration," the hurling of torches into the brazier, and closing duty to Fuehrer and Reich.

Even in the communion service paganism is close at hand, the wine being presented to the congregation as the symbol of German blood, and the bread as the fruit of German soil.

Do not imagine that I am referring in the above to Reichsbishop Müller's notorious German Christian Society movement by which Hitler sought to supplant the German Evangelical Church, creating in room of this a new national dogma reposing on the German nation as prime implement of the Deity upon earth. Bishop Müller's effort is dead and done with, so much so, that the Bishop is touring the Fatherland in support of the new Church, which enjoys the style of "League for German Christianity."

In fact, when you fail, try again: such seems to be the Nazi rule in matters spiritual. Examination of the new doctrine leads one to suppose that the Party leaders now aspire to tackle smouldering Catholic and Protestant rebellion, and appease Pope and Orthodox Protestants, temporarily, at least, by pointing to the growth of a creed that in no way rejects Christianity, rather, accepts the salient teachings of the Bible.

Yet, in the event, a large helping of the Book, grafted on to paganism, seems to be the recipe; to the evident end that Vatican and Protestant Bishops may be humoured by the first, while the real business of installing a Nazi racial Jehova his promoted by the second.

The fact that the new creed was born and has its stronghold in the Luther country of Thuringia and Lower Saxony has had profound effect with the Protestant Bishops who are ready for their Church to be divided in twain: those who remain loyal to past teachings and those who would enter the new National Church.

Six Protestant Bishops, and the Reich Church Minister, Herr Kerrl, are already ardently for the new *echt deutsch* approach to Christianity, which is most efficaciously furthered by pastors in uniform (Brownshirt) in beer halls, as distinct from churches, and whose guiding zealots are Pastors Leffler and Leutheuser of Weimar and Eisenach, respectively. These two, and hundreds of adherents of a signed-on

(Continued on page 510)

CHURCH AND STATE: Reichsbishop Müller surrounded by uniformed guards as he delivered his address on the steps of Berlin Cathedral in September, 1934, following his installation as Primate of the new German Evangelical Church. His appointment by Chancellor Hitler, it may be remembered, aroused considerable opposition, many pastors throughout the Reich declaring from the pulpit that by his actions the Primate had excluded himself from the community of the Christian faith

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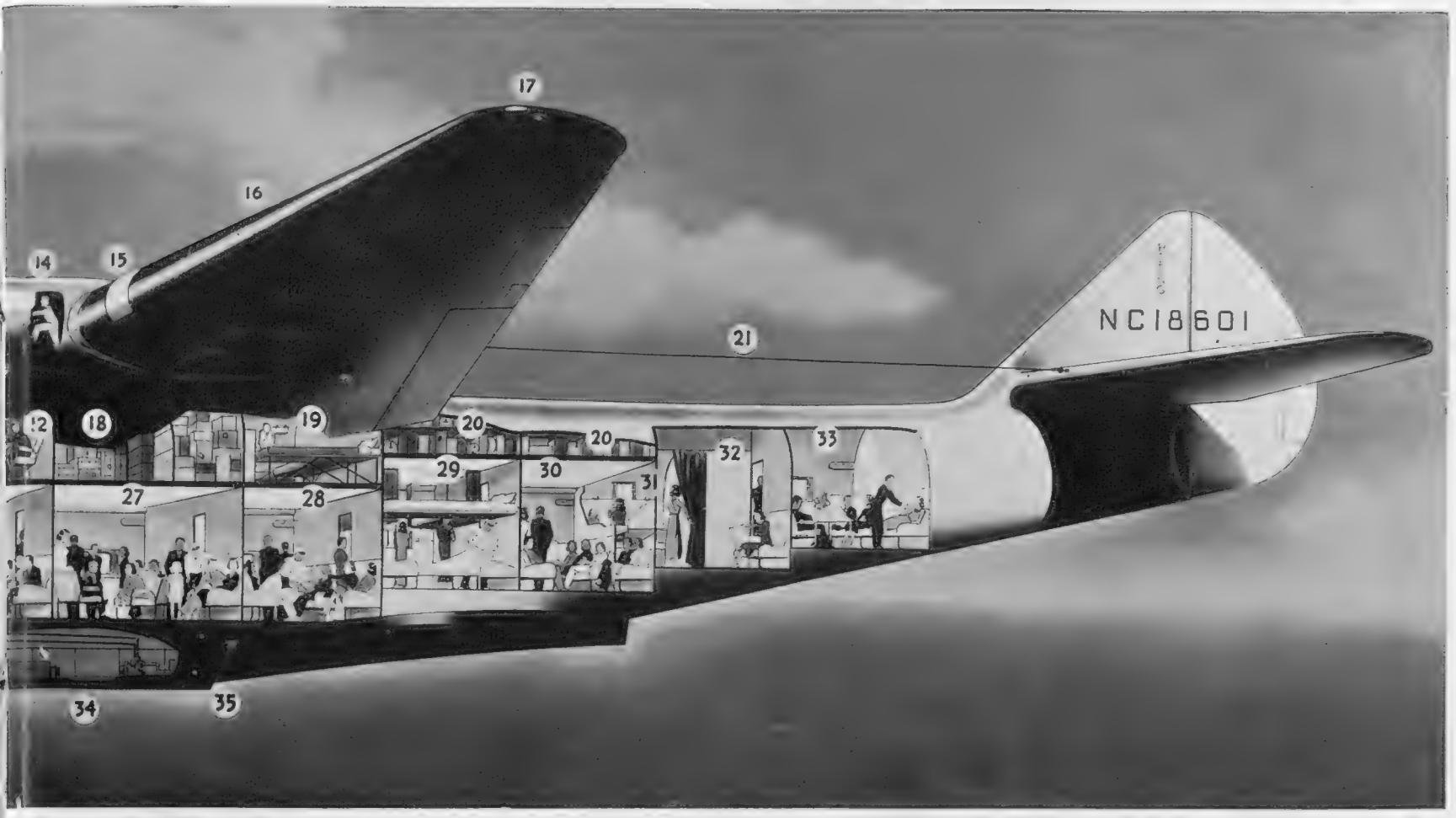


COLOSSUS *of the* SKIES

America's Great "Atlantic Clipper" Now Nearing Completion

What's what in the "Atlantic Clipper": 1. Anchor hatch. 2. Seamen's compartment. 3. Bridge (where flying controls are located). 4. 1st pilot. 5. 2nd pilot. 6. Radio direction finder "loop." 7. Navigation compartment. 8. Radio officer's post. 9. Chart room—navigator's post. 10. Map case—marine library, drift sight bombs, flares, and navigational instruments. 11. Engineering officer, and the mechanical engine and aircraft controls. 12. Captain's office. 13. Wright "Cyclone" engines, 1,500 h.p., equipped with Hamilton constant speed, automatic adjusting propellers. 14. Mechanic's wing station for engine examination during flight. 15. Controllable landing lights. 16. Wing spread—152 ft. 17. Navigation lights. 18. Main cargo hold which extends into wings. 19. Crew's sleeping quarters. 20. Luggage holds. 21. Over-all length of ship, 109 ft. 22. 1st passenger compartment—accommodation for ten. 23. Spiral staircase to bridge. 24. Men's retiring room. 25. Galley, where two stewards work simultaneously preparing food. 26. 2nd passenger compartment. 27. Dining lounge, accommodation for fifteen passengers. 28. 3rd passenger compartment. 29. 4th passenger compartment. 30. 5th passenger compartment. 31. Women's dressing room. 32. 6th passenger compartment. 33. Private cabin suite. 34. Fuel pumps for transferring fuel from sea wings to wing tanks. 35. Auxiliary hold

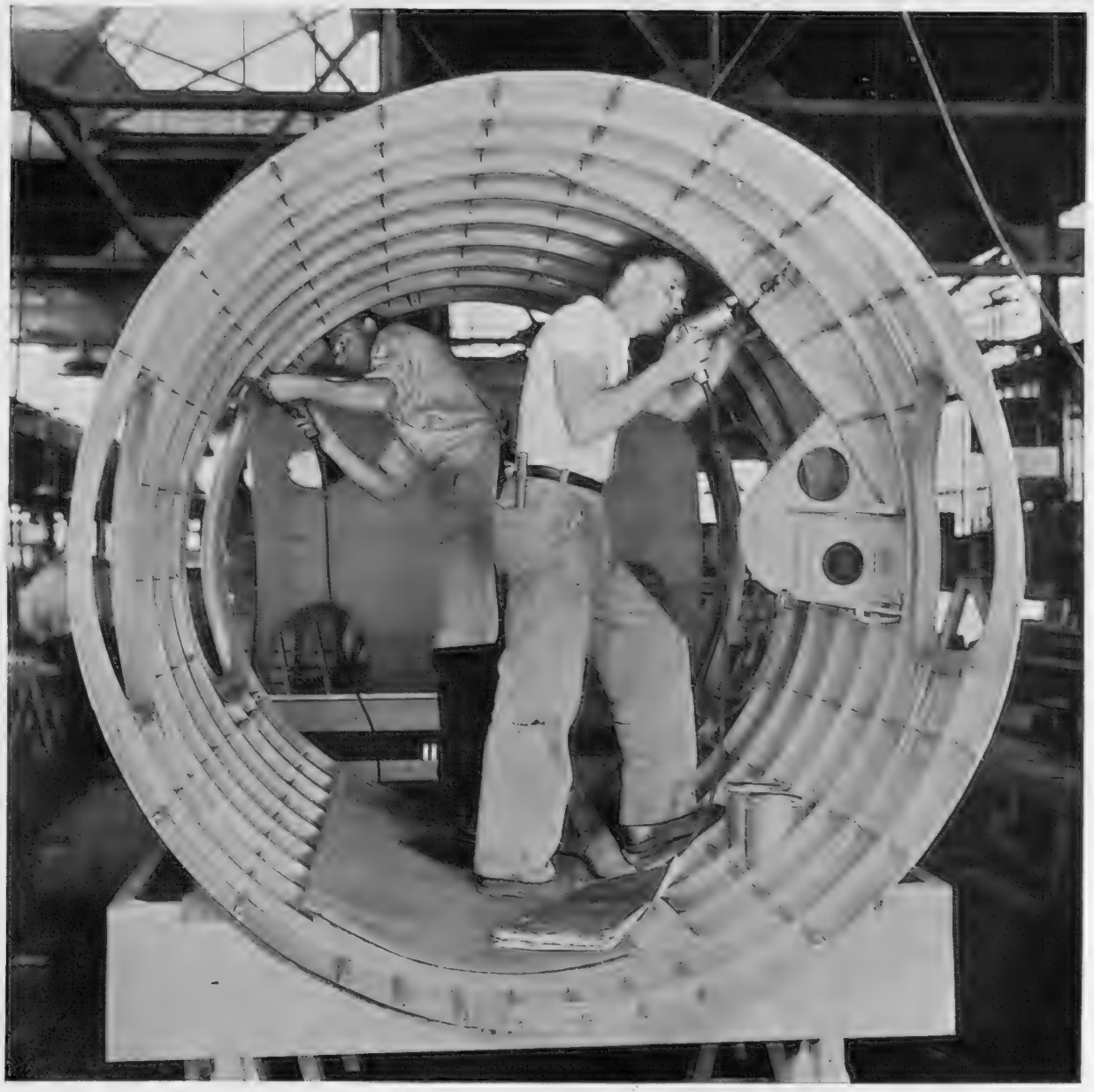
Accessible Engines

such a brake the propeller would continue revolving due to the forward motion of the machine and the on-coming stream of air, and the ability of the mechanic to rectify any trouble would be naturally hampered.

Fixed to the rear casing of the engines are the carburetter, magnetos, oil pumps, and other auxiliary devices. A breakdown in one of these auxiliaries would in all probability mean a breakdown of the whole engine, at any rate if it occurred when there were still many hours of flying to be done. Although engine reliability has reached an almost incredibly high standard of perfection, nevertheless the ability of a mechanic to get at his motors in this manner during the course of a long flight means an inevitable reduction in risk and the attainment of one more step forward in the unceasing effort of designers to reach safe perfection.

N. T.

the central portion of the hull of the first of the Boeing works at Seattle, Washington State. The it will be used for storing 2½ tons of cargo. To cidentally, stand 25 ft. above the assembly floor



AS LARGE AS THE FUSELAGE OF A LIGHT AEROPLANE: Workmen engaged in assembling one of the four-engine nacelles which will be mounted on the 152-ft. wings of the *Atlantic Clipper* and will house the four 1,500-h.p. Wright Cyclone engines. Each engine will be accessible during flight by way of wing companionways as depicted in the diagram reproduced at the top of this page. The engineers will thus be able to keep the machine in trim while running

IDLE DAYS ON 'CHANGE

The Market Keeps Steady Despite a Troubled World Situation

Autumn May See the Long-Awaited Minor Boom in Shares

KEEPING IN TOUCH: One of the telephone boxes in Shorter's Court through which the brokers keep in constant communication with their head offices. During busy days on the Stock Exchange pandemonium reigns, but just lately they have been able to take things fairly easily for speculators and the general public have alike fought shy of the uncertain market

By CHARLES GRAVES

ONE "hammer" does not make a slump. The fact that the unfortunate Mr. William Pooley was unable to fulfil his bargains last week and was thereby declared a defaulter has no major significance. It merely means that one of his clients who had been operating in American sales had not been able to find his differences, and Mr. Pooley as his broker was responsible.

All the same, the Stock Exchange is distinctly apathetic as I write. There is frankly no interest in the market. I will not say that there are more sellers than buyers, but since June—apart from temporary rallies—the Stock Exchange has seen an almost all round depreciation here and in the United States, and yet psychology, that is to say temperament, is much less noticeable over here than it was a few years ago. Major Crisis does not seem to reflect on the market as he would have seven years ago, and Strube, the *Daily Express* cartoonist, has done Throgmorton Street a real service in ridiculing him.

Of course it is really the Stock Exchange Committee which is largely responsible for the lack of panicking. Its members make much more stringent inquiries into new flotations than they used to do in the bad old days of 1928. It is true that the market is idle, and it is perhaps demoralising for a stockbroker to hang around his office with little or nothing to do. At the same time, those who take a longer view have good reason to believe that the present circumstances will not exist for long, and that before the end of the year the tape machines will be working overtime.

As I write there are a number of industrial offers on the stocks in which the public will be offered a chance of taking an interest. In view of the fact that they will probably all be offered on a higher earnings yield basis than those issued in the past eighteen months, they will be taken up very readily. In the meantime, most firms of stockbrokers have barely covered their expenses.

Leading firms expect to take on an average anything from £500 to £1,000 a day in commission. This involves a turnover in scrip value of £100,000 to £200,000 a day. For, believe it or not, these leading firms of stockbrokers who deal for the bankers and investment trust companies would normally take that amount. Their overheads, though, are enormous. They have to have large offices, comparatively close to the Stock Exchange, where rents are high, and/or a box in Shorter's Court—a box being a large telephone booth with private lines to the head office of the firm.

A stockbroker's office with which I am personally acquainted has, apart from seven partners, a minimum staff of thirty including authorised and unauthorised clerks, and though in the 1929/1931 depression a view could be taken with regard to cutting down staff, as money rates were high and the list of unemployed was quite long enough to suggest that replacement would not be difficult, this cannot be done to-day. For the present weight of cheap money behind the market means that at any minute there may be a minor boom, and firms with big staffs cannot risk the danger of not having enough clerks to deal with the sudden rush of new business. The stock market, in fact, can rebound any day now on good news.

You see, apart from the mid-European situation, the Spanish war, and President Roosevelt, the Stock Exchange has just been running through a period where the options taken for the September 23 account were due to be declared. And speculators who gave money for the three months' call of shares in June will not in the majority of cases have been exercising their right to take up their options owing to the general dropping of prices.

Take, for example, a three months' call of International Nickel. This on June 14 would have cost 4 dollars a share at a then price of 59½ dollars (to which must be added contango charges and the option dealer's turn—these bringing the striking price of the option up to 61 dollars). Well, as I write, to-day's price of International Nickel is 57 dollars. This shows the speculator the loss of his option money—4 dollars a share; so he is naturally not going to call the stock from the option dealer at a price of 61 dollars or thereabouts when it can be bought in the market four points lower.

A great deal of the trouble is due to the fact that speculators thought the fall in shares had been overdone in June, and while not prepared to take the risk of large commitments over the summer holidays, they contracted quite a number of dealings then for the call of shares on September 23. Meantime, the adverse international situation, together with the holiday period, resulted in a further depreciation. It is this predicament in which professional speculators have found themselves which is largely responsible for the depreciation of prices.

International incidents, admittedly, affect the market a good deal. The intelligent stockbroker weighs his proportions very carefully when Hitler or Mussolini are billed to speak; and though in the last three months neither Dictator has affected the market much, Mussolini certainly caused a slump when it was said that he was landing troops in Spain, and Hitler did the same with his march to the Rhine. Yet after the latter incident the market recovered very quickly.

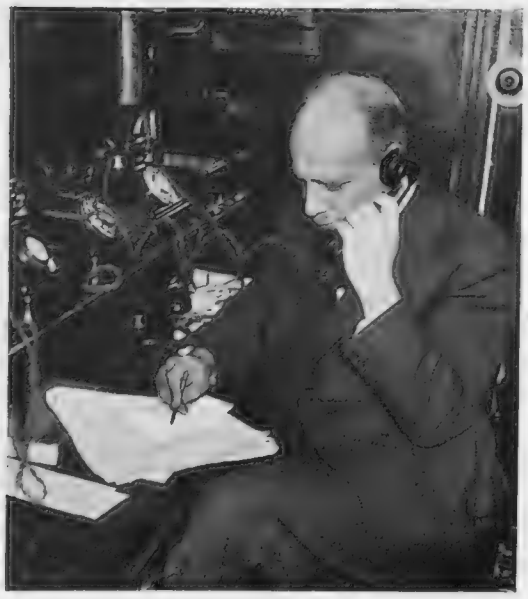
It is the professional operators who are largely responsible for the present fall in prices. Having taken large profits over the last four years in speculative investments, they are now salting them already into something safer. The public itself has not really taken fright, but it has naturally been affected by the transactions of these professional operators, and the jobber with a large turnover in shares who did not hesitate to take shares on his book in active markets, now finds himself with a "long" position when he really ought to be "short," which naturally causes him to mark down his buying prices at the slightest sign of selling.

As for international politics, these sometimes produce curious results. Thus the first reaction of the market to the news that China and Japan were fighting was to mark up prices of Lancashire textile shares. The theory was that Japan would be a less virile competitor while engaged in the conflict. The market paid little attention to the price of raw cotton, or to the fact that nearly every company in the trade had a large debit balance to write off before there was any possibility of declaring dividends. This view was soon altered when it was evident that even if China became a buyer of British textiles as opposed to Japanese textiles, currency and shipment difficulties would soon discount the apparent advantages likely to be enjoyed by the Lancashire manufacturers.

Let us take shipping shares as affected by international politics. The investor taking a straight view might be tempted to buy British shipping shares on the theory that each time a foreign ship was sunk in the Mediterranean or elsewhere it would mean one less to compete with our companies. Which seems quite reasonable. Thus, I am told that P. & O. deferred shares which stood earlier in the year at 35s. and are now at 30s. may quite possibly rise. But if of course Hitler and Mussolini had both joined at once in the anti-piracy talks, the market might have cynically marked up P. & O. shares right away. . . . .

Now let us take war material shares. If anyone assumes that war is inevitable (which God forbid), companies such as Vickers, John Brown, Imperial

(Continued on page 520)



TALKING TO HEAD OFFICE from one of the telephone rooms in Shorter's Court, linked by private lines with the brokerage houses. The operators have to work swiftly; delay costs money

WAITING FOR MESSAGES IN SHORTER'S COURT for delivery to the neighbouring Stock Exchange. These instructions from brokers might affect the changing hands of vast sums of money

BRITISH WARSHIPS PREPARE FOR MEDITERRANEAN PIRACY PATROL

And Other Naval News of Moment—First Lord at Rosyth—The "Friedrich Der Grosse" Provides Much Needed Scrap

TO POLICE THE MIDDLE SEA: *Blanche*, *Brilliant*, *Brazen*, and *Beagle*, destroyers of the Eighth Division, following in the wake of the flagship *Cairo* as they left Sheerness last week en route for Gibraltar where by now they will have joined the other British warships engaged in the anti-piracy patrol agreed upon at the Nyon Nine-Power Conference which recently brought its deliberations to such a speedy conclusion. The agreement at first empowered the patrol ships to sink any submarine attacking a non-Spanish vessel without warning, but has since been extended, attacking aircraft and surface craft also being liable to be called to account

GETTING SHIP-SHAPE AT SHEERNESS: Warships being prepared for their departure for the Mediterranean to take part in the anti-piracy patrol. *Left*—A depth charge being placed in its cradle on the deck of H.M.S. *Brilliant*. The steel cylinders, each containing 300-lb. of tri-nitro-toluene, are capable of putting any submarine out of action, and even if they drop 50 yards away will usually cause enough damage to electric lighting circuits and navigating instruments to make her come to the surface and "face the music." *Right*—Painting vertical stripes of red, white, and blue on one of H.M.S. *Cairo's* gun casings

BREAKING UP THE "FRIEDRICH DER GROSSE": All that remains of the ex-German battleship which, after being scuttled at Scapa Flow with the rest of the Imperial Fleet, has now been raised to the surface by Metal Industries Limited, and is being broken up in an upturned position at Rosyth, the scrap helping measurably to meet the raw material needs of Britain's steel industry now working at high pressure to fulfil the new armaments programme

MR. DUFF COOPER AT ROSYTH: The First Lord of the Admiralty inspecting a guard of honour of Marines from the naval training ship *Caledonia* (once the Atlantic liner *Majestic*) during his visit to the Home Fleet at Rosyth, which included an extensive tour of the dockyard, where he saw the remains of the battleship *Friedrich der Grosse* (pictured on left). He arrived in the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, and, as she approached, H.M.S. *Revenge* gave a welcoming salute of seventeen guns

THE LONDON BETH-DIN IN SESSION: A scene in the Court of the Chief Rabbi in Mulberry Street, E.1, with the Dayanim (judges) seated on their dais. This court, which had its origin in the days of Moses, plays a very real part in the life of the Jewish community. Sessions are held in the mornings or evenings on five days of the week; the Dayanim dispensing justice and promoting peace, giving rulings on ecclesiastical and ritual Jewish law, and advising and helping individuals and congregations. On certain days the Beth-Din deals with civil cases such as would come within the purview of a magistrate's, County, or High Court, but it is essentially a voluntary court of arbitration, basing its decisions on Jewish law

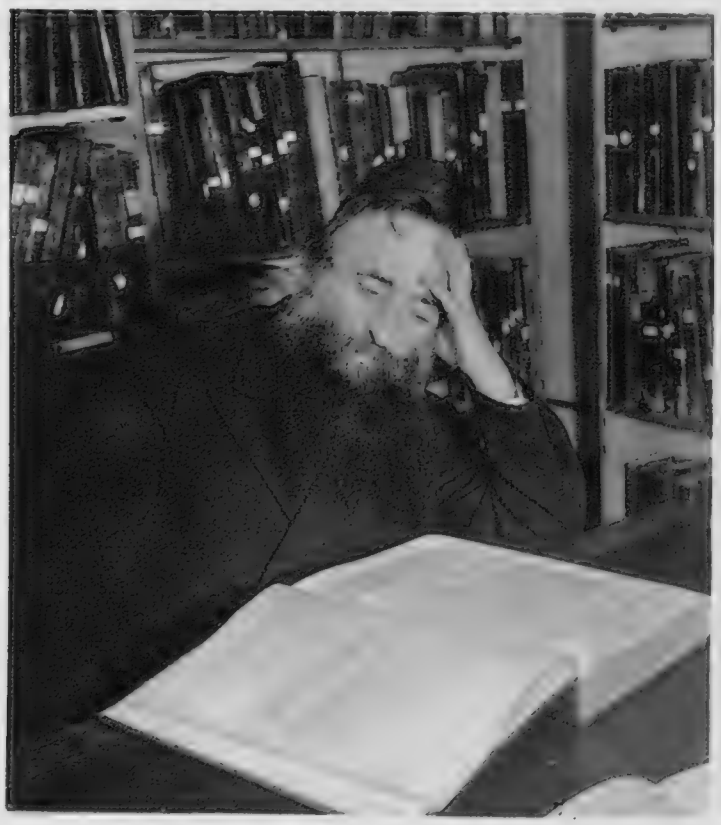
IN London to-day, there is still functioning and ever increasing in its activities the BETH-DIN, a court which goes back in antiquity to the days of Moses the Lawgiver and Solomon the Wise, and speaking historically has been a clearly established institution and properly constituted court of religious and civil authority in Jewry since the first century of the common era.

The London Beth-Din, or the Court of the Chief Rabbi, is the recognised Jewish Court, functioning not alone ecclesiastically but also in a judicial and advisory capacity. It deals, in the nature of the case, with matters affecting members of the Jewish community who seek remedy, advice, and help. Its operations, however, are not without interest even to those outside the Jewish faith, whether they be students of law, religion, or social welfare. This Jewish court has in recent years come frequently within the ken of the non-Jewish public. Judges in the High Court and the County Court and magistrates on the Bench have referred to it in appreciative terms. Public departments have been brought into touch with it and have acknowledged its usefulness.

Beth-Din—which means "the House of Judgment"—is the official historic designation of this court. In this country it is known as the "Chief Rabbi's Court," because constitutionally the Chief Rabbi is ex officio its president—the Ab Beth-Din.

The six judges are designated Dayanim, a Hebrew-Aramaic title; although they combine a multiplicity of functions not usually forming part of the connotation of the term "judge."

The London Beth-Din holds its session in the mornings or evenings on five days of the week; dispensing justice and promoting peace, giving rulings on ecclesiastical and ritual Jewish law, advising and helping individuals and congregations in the metropolis, the provinces, and the scattered communities of the British Empire, and exchanging views on Jewish religious questions and problems with recognised Rabbinical authorities in other lands. On three days of the week the sessions of the Beth-Din are occupied chiefly with civil cases such as would come within the purview of a magistrate's Court, a County Court, or the High Court.



STUDYING A KNOTTY POINT: Dayan I. Abramski, one of the judges in the Court of the Chief Rabbi and an authority on Jewish law, consulting a work of reference in the library. In the course of the year he has to answer a host of queries on Jewish religious questions and correspond extensively with Rabbinical authorities in other lands

In this sphere of its activity the Beth-Din is essentially a voluntary court of arbitration and of friendly adjustment, and its decisions based on Jewish law and practice are coloured throughout by the conception of reconciliation between the parties. It thus falls within the category of conciliation courts which, as Judge Parry has pointed out, exist in Scandinavia and which, as is well known, are now part of the legislative system in New Judea. Before the hearing, both parties are required to sign a printed form, agreeing "to submit their cause to the arbitration of the Beth-Din, or Chief Rabbi's court, and to abide by its decision." The legal force of the Arbitration Act (1889) is thus added to the moral sanction of the Torah or Jewish law, which enjoins respect for, and obedience to, the decision of a properly constituted Beth-Din.

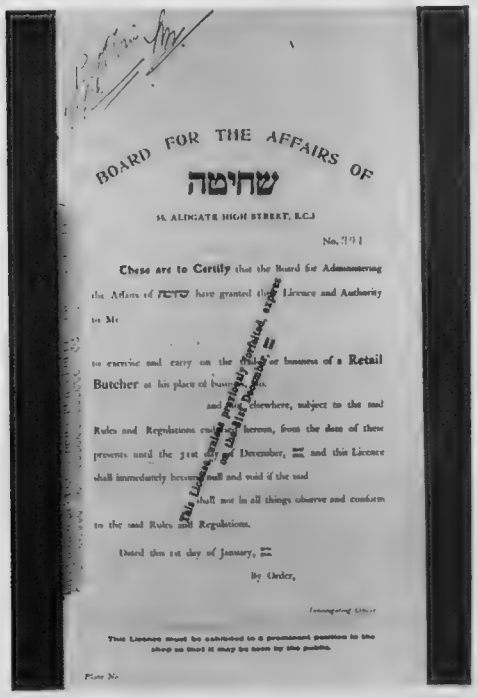
No hearing with a view to a decision takes place in the absence of either of the parties to the suit. In olden times there were methods available for compelling a defendant to attend. There was the power of excommunication. In England these processes cannot be used by the Beth-Din. The only means that can be employed is moral suasion. And there is, of course, the final resort to the civil courts.

The requirement of the presence of both parties has its basis in the Biblical injunction to the Judges: "Hear between your brethren" (Deut. i. 16), and in the further more explicit ordinance that "Both the men between whom the controversy is shall stand (Lifne Elohim) before the Lord" (Deut. xix. 17). Elohim, in Jewish interpretation, is a name of God as reflecting the attribute of Justice; and in the text quoted, as in many other legal injunctions in the Bible, the term Elohim is taken to comprise also the judges. For, in Jewish teaching, human judges, by administering the law in accordance with the principles of right, are regarded as co-workers with the Divine Being in maintaining the moral foundations—Truth and Justice—upon which the world rests. Again, according to Jewish law and practice, the pleadings at the Beth-Din are verbal and not by means of written statements.

Again, according to all authorities, the suit of an orphan must always be heard first; and, next in order,

LONDON'S BETH-DIN

The Ancient Court of the Chief Rabbi and the Dominant Part it Plays in the Life of the Jewish Community



BOARD FOR THE AFFAIRS OF
שחיטה
St. ALDGATE HIGH STREET, E.C.1
No. 391
These are to Certify that the Board for Administering the Affairs of שחיטה have granted this Licence and Authority to Mr
to exercise and carry on the trade or business of a Retail Butcher at his place of business
and elsewhere, subject to the said Rules and Regulations endorsed hereon, from the date of these presents until the 31st day of December, and this Licence shall immediately become null and void if the said shall not in all things observe and conform to the said Rules and Regulations.
Dated this 1st day of January,
By Order,
This Licence must be exhibited in a prominent position in the shop so that it may be seen by the public.

THE CERTIFICATE ISSUED TO BUTCHERS BY THE BETH-DIN, permitting them to sell kosher meat subject to the regulations contained in the Jewish Dietary Laws. The licence must be displayed in their shops

SPECIAL "SPHERE" PICTURES

that of a widow: "Right the fatherless, defend the widow" says Scripture (Is. i. 17): a woman's cause must be heard before that of a man.

Neither the parties nor the witnesses are sworn. The oath in Jewish life is so very sacred that it was thought wrong (because unnecessary) to administer it within the sanctified surroundings of the Beth-Din.

No charges are made at the Beth-Din, the cost of maintaining the Court is borne by the United Synagogue.

As to the mode of examination, the following rules may be specified:

There is no compulsory process against witnesses; but the Biblical sanction, "If he tell not, he will bear his iniquity," has acted as a powerful lever in securing all available testimony. The statements of the witnesses, like the pleadings of the parties, must be verbal (and not in writing), and are not taken except in the presence of the litigants. In cases, however, of compulsory absence through illness or other causes written statements from witnesses are admissible, and are received even when the litigants are not present. Such statements are taken in the form of minutes of juridical proceedings before a regular Beth-Din and duly attested by it.

The examination of the parties and the witnesses is carried out by the Dayan. It is simple, intelligible, direct, and human, and adapted to the psychology of each individual. The Dayan is enjoined not to act as advocate to the parties, but at the same time to aid them, when necessary, towards an adequate presentation of their case, in accordance with the injunction, "Open the mouth for the dumb" (Prov. XXXI. 8). He must do nothing which shall confuse the litigants in their pleas.

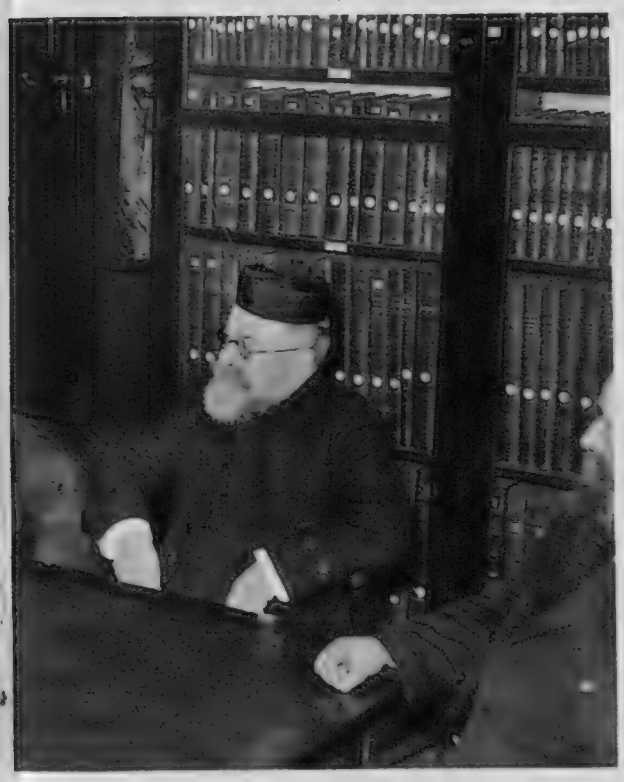
A stern and awe-inspiring attitude should be adopted only when it becomes necessary to administer an oath to the parties, or when the special need arises of impressing upon a witness the sacredness of his duties.

In their decisions the Jewish court invariably aims at equity. The Rabbinic interpreters of the law, whilst quoting the saying, "Let strict justice (Din) pierce the mount" (Talmud Sanhedrin, 6a)—a saying parallel to the dictum, *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum*—yet recommend the judges most strongly to pursue the paths of Yosher (equity).

So much for the procedure of the Bethin-Din and the spirit of the law it administers. Now as to its content. The magisterial functions of the Beth-Din comprise chiefly cases between husband and wife, parents and children, neighbours that are unfriendly, petty slander, vulgar abuse, and common assault. In these matters the court acts as a peace-promoting agency. English magistrates, whose purpose is likewise "to seek peace and ensue it," often advise Jewish litigants of this type to apply in the first instance to the Beth-Din. They rightly feel that the religious atmosphere of the Jewish House of Judgment (Beth-Din), where the Dayanim understand the peculiar psychology of the Jewish people and can make a cogent appeal not to "profane the divine name" or

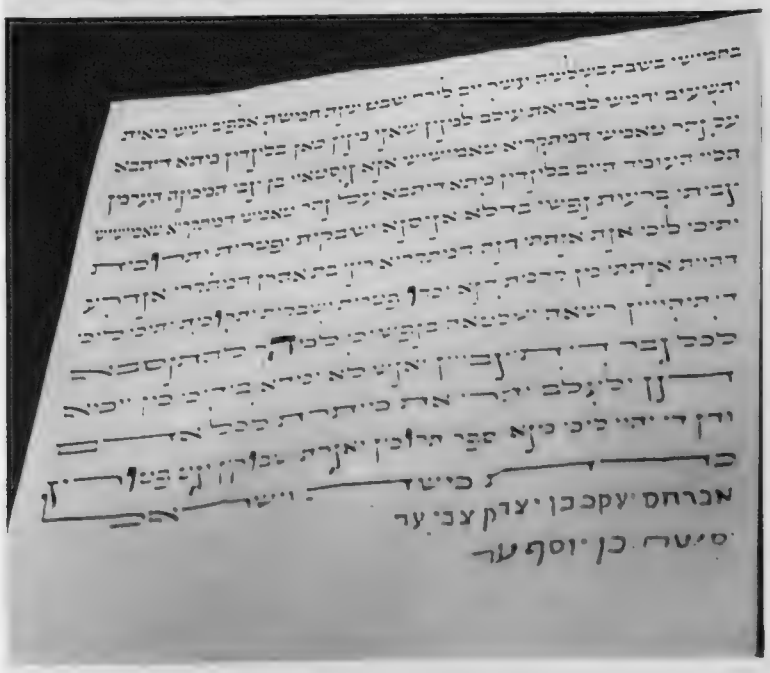
(*Contd. on page* 520)

WAITING TO SEE THE DAYAN: Two of the many members of the Jewish community who come to the Beth-Din to secure information, for apart from its functions as a court it also has the nature of an ecclesiastical bureau and a consulate



JUDGES IN CONFERENCE: Dayan H. M. Lazaru, Dayan A. Feldman, and Dr. J. H. Hertz, the Chief Rabbi of the British Empire and ex-officio President of the Court, in the library of the Beth-Din, where they discuss the many and varied legal problems that come before them

A VERITABLE HIVE OF ACTIVITY is hidden behind the modest exterior of the Beth-Din in Mulberry Street in London's East End. Its appearance indeed belies its immense importance



On left—A JEWISH BILL OF DIVORCEMENT, technically known as "Get", undoing the religious tie of marriage. It is prepared by the husband and ends with the words "I hereby do free and leave and divorce thee that thou have authority and control over thy person to go and be married to any man that thou wilt and no person shall stay thy hand from this day and forever and thou art permitted to any man. And this shall be unto thee from me a document of divorce a letter of freedom and an instrument of release according to the law of Moses and of Israel"

ש א ל ה .

איש ישראל נדחוג עם בת ישראל ברשימת הנישואים בנימוסי האזרחים בלשכת שלטון הממשלה מבלי חופה וקידושין, בשעת אישור זיווגם שם בלשכת השלטון לא היו שם אנשים אחרים זולת אבי הכלה ואחותה אשר שמשו שם בתור עדים. במשך שלשה שבועות אחרי נישואים אלה דרו יחד כאיש ואשה בהוטיל. אחר כך עברה רחז קטנה ביניהם, ותשב האשה לבית אביה לבדה ודרה שם ששה שבועות מבלעדו. אחרי כן נתפייסו שוב ודרו יחד שני שבועות בהוטיל בפנשטתר. מני אז עזבה אותו לגמרי, ובאשמת הנהגתו התיר משפט הכמשלה את קשר האישות שביניהם באופן רשמי, וזה כשנתים ימים שאינה נחשבת עוד כאשתו אפילו בנימוסי האזרחים. הוא נעלם מאז, ועד היום לא נודע מקום מגורתו, ועתה היא באה להנשא לאיש אחר, ועולה שוב השאלה הכללית אם יש בהזדווגות הראשונה אשר חיו יחד על פי רשימת הנישואים בלשכת השלטון חשש אישות מן התורה או לא, ובנידון דידן בפרט ישנם עוד צדוקי היתר שדירתם יחד היתה בהוטילים כאלה, שאין שם עדים כשרים מצויים, ועוד שהאיש והאשה אינם זהירים כלל אפילו באיסורי תורה החמורים, ואינם שמים לב לזה?

William Davis

AN EXTRACT FROM THE WRITINGS OF DAYAN ABRAMSKI, noted authority on Jewish law. This particular section is printed in Hebrew and deals with the important question of Jewish marriages to those outside the faith

LINK ACROSS THE NORTH CHANNEL: Men engaged in pulling the new submarine cable ashore near Donaghadee, County Down, after it had been laid along the twenty-two miles of sea bed between Southern Scotland and Northern Ireland

PARK PLAYGROUND CAVES IN: Children disporting in these gardens owned by Woolwich Borough Council at Plumstead had a narrow escape from being engulfed when an area of ground about 80 ft. by 60 ft. suddenly subsided, leaving a cavity of about 30 ft. depth. The gardens are on the site of an old brick works

ANOTHER MAIDEN CASTLE! Dr. A. E. Wilson (right), of Brighton Grammar School, at work in the excavations on a hilltop near Lewes, Sussex, where he and a number of helpers have unearthed the remains of an ancient fortress town. An examination of the site evidences that this stronghold was flourishing in the fifth century B.C. and that the early Britons inhabiting it were people of some skill. They even made a form of concrete and knew something of the art of wood preservation

MASARYK: AN APPRECIATION

The Founder of a Great State, the Fortunes of Whose People He Followed so Steadfastly Through Adversity

THE COACHMAN'S SON WHO ROSE TO LEAD A NATION: The late President Masaryk in his student days when, by dint of unremitting study, he fitted himself for his great career as statesman and scholar. He was born in Moravia on March 7, 1850

THE founder of a great modern State is dead. Masaryk, having seen within his own lifetime the growth of his beloved country from a subject province to an independent Power wielding enormous influence in the affairs of Europe, must have died a proud and contented man. The result of his labours — not single-handed, but single-minded, is almost incredible.

His own life is as much of a romance. Subject almost to conditions of serfdom by birth —special authority from his Austrian masters had to be obtained before he could be granted the privilege of a simple schooling—he rose to be undisputed leader in a State rich and powerful enough to hold in check the irredentist ambitions of its former overlords.

Masaryk is an example of what can be done by a man of gentle character, honest in his principle, free from spectacular ambition, and contemptuous of the vague idealism of patriots who base their national pretensions upon the ditties of medieval minstrels. In his endeavours to unite the Czechoslovak State he had, of course, one immense advantage—the monumental ignorance of the famous statesmen whose job it was to define the frontiers of the new Europe; their economics were bad; their geography worse; their history appalling—they had to take the word of the first man they met.

I remember being in Paris during the Peace negotiations. In a certain bar I ran into a secretary to one of the statesmen who were at that time competing for glory like urchins for a damaged apple. The secretary looked terribly worried.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Matter? I've got some good riddles to put to you. If you can answer them you'll save my life."

"Go ahead."

"Who are the Czechs? Who are the Slovaks? Why are they? Where are they? Where ought they to be?" He lowered his voice as he added: "Between ourselves, I don't believe there are any such things."

We did know, however, that they had been an annoying part of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire; but they were as hard to place geographically or historically as Anthony Hope's Ruritanians.

The ignorance of the allied statesmen in 1919 could not have been a surprise to Masaryk. He tells of how he came during the war to lay his plans before the Russian Ambassador in London, Count Benkendorff. The Count had not the slightest idea concerning the whereabouts of the Czech and Slovak peoples and confessed that the one put before him by Masaryk was the first nationality map of the Austro-Hungarian Empire he had ever seen.

Count Benkendorff was a well-informed man by comparison with some of those whose job it was to dissect the sick body of Europe on the tables of the Paris operating theatres. On the whole, their dilettantism proved very useful to Masaryk and his friends. The new Czechoslovak State was very handsomely treated. Only small minorities of Czechs and Slovaks were left outside the territory of the new republic, while big Magyar and German populations were roped in for economic purposes.

The result was thus a tremendous personal success for Thomas Masaryk. In comparatively few years—and thanks, of course, to the accident of the war—he had succeeded in creating a State that not only conformed to historical and geographical tradition, but was capable of becoming at the same time industrially rich and agriculturally self-supporting. No less than four-fifths of the industrial resources of pre-war Austria-Hungary fell to the new Czechoslovak State.

The first president was Thomas Garrigue Masaryk.

He was born March 7, 1850, in a small town on the frontiers of Moravia and Slovakia, the son of a coachman. In early youth he was apprenticed to a locksmith in Vienna, but growing homesick he returned to his native town where he obtained work in a smithy. A chance meeting with a former schoolmaster led to his being received into a German school at Brünn.

His independent spirit and liberal ideas got him into trouble at Brünn, and he moved to Vienna where he became a student at the gymnasium, and subsequently at the Vienna High School. He was not a very remarkable scholar. He ran away with no academic distinctions; but already his influence upon his fellow-students was that of a leader.

MASARYK AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN: A study in later life when the coachman's son had become the President of the new Republic of Czechoslovakia and an outstanding and deeply respected figure in the councils of Europe

It came time for him to leave the High School. At a farewell gathering the young idealists, on Masaryk's initiative, swore solemnly "to work for the good of their people and for the good of all humanity; and to live up to the watchwords: 'Knowledge is Power,' and 'Goodness through Truth.'" Romantic young people all over the world do that sort of thing at one time or another, but few of them, through a long lifetime, hold so faithfully to their youthful ideals as did Masaryk and his friends.

From influencing his fellow-students he came later to influence the whole of the Czech intelligentsia. He was seen by his countrymen to be in the true line of great Czech heroes; and his authority among them was strengthened rather than weakened by his healthy critical faculty.

LAST SCENE OF ALL: Ex-President Masaryk's body lying in state before his funeral this week. As leader of Czechoslovakia throughout the difficult post-war years his reputation for wisdom and tolerance steadily increased and now, at his death, a whole nation is mourning him and the world at large is paying tributes to his great qualities of statesmanship

Masaryk had no time for the sham nationalism of half-baked patriots. From the very beginning he ridiculed the visionary Czech aspirations based on two supposedly medieval manuscripts, the *Königin-hofer* and the *Grüneberger* "discovered" at the beginning of the nineteenth century. His attitude to these manuscripts lost him much support, but in 1886 he proved them to be false, and from that time forward his authority among Czech nationalists was unchallenged.

On the whole, Masaryk was well treated by fortune. Contrary to a fairly general belief, men of fine character usually are. He was lucky in the turn of historical events; lucky in the pathetic aberrations of western

(Continued on page 520)

TEHERAN EMERGES FROM ITS MEDIEVAL LANGUOR

Iran's Modern Capital Thrives Under the Enlightened Policy of Reza Shah

THE BURNOUS HAS GONE FROM THE STREETS and to-day Teheran's citizens walk the pavements in smart suits, dresses, and uniforms of western cut. For them the old Persia is but a fragrant memory, cast into the shadow by the new Iran, a land of enlightenment in which they take an intense and passionate pride. The capital itself has emerged from its medieval languor and handsome buildings have risen on every hand. These two pictures were taken in Canon Square, that reproduced above showing the snow-clad Elburz range towering in the background and dominating the city by its peerless beauty

CREATOR OF MODERN IRAN: Patriotism is intense in this land of new aspirations, and many a householder has curtains such as this adorned with the likeness of Reza Shah, the ruler who has done so much for his country

LATIN CHARACTERS ARE NOW FORBIDDEN IN TEHERAN, but so that foreigners may understand that this Arabic street sign advertises a dentist's parlour a realistic representation of a set of teeth has been added. The reversion to Arabic is no retrograde step, rather is it part of the Shah's policy of fostering the national spirit which before his coming had so sadly languished

SHADES OF ALADDIN: This is not a lamp shop, as might easily be imagined, but the main office of one of the leading Teheran firms of estate agents. Lamps in Iran have a distinct decorative significance corresponding to flowers and pictures in other parts of the world. Some of those displayed are really beautiful, almost deserving to rank as museum pieces and certainly centuries old. *On left*—Clerks on the Teheran exchange still use the old counting machine to help them in their work

THE VANISHING NOMADS

Turkoman Wanderers Who are being made to Fall into Line wi

PACING MUSTANGS ON THE DESOLATE STEPPE: These half wild horses hic but the nomadic Turkoman people of this forbidding region are superb horsemen an soon come a time, however, when these creatures will be left to themselves for the Ir

TURKOMAN FATHERS MAKE GOOD NURSES and are frequently to be seen with their children outside the yurts while the mothers tend the flocks and herds. They lead a simple pastoral life, these people, much in the manner of the patriarchs of Biblical days, but the edict has gone forth from Teheran that they shall fold their tents, forsake their centuries-old wandering way of life and live in agricultural settlements where they will till the land and gradually learn the art of citizenship

TEMPORARY TOWNSHIP: Typical yurts—the movable dwellings of the Turkoman—set up near a dried up river bed. When every drop of water has been had from the wells and the grass has become too parched to give sustenance to the herds, the people make for pastures new, taking their yurts with them

ON THE RUSSO-IRANIAN BORDER: Turkoman nomads crossing the Atrak River at one of its many fording places. There is not a little smuggling in this lonely region, despite the constant vigilance of the frontier guards posted by the two countries

THE TURKOMAN HUNTING DOG, a graceful creature with almost the speed of a greyhound, is valued highly by the nomads of the steppe for its intelligence and courage. Pure bred specimens fetch immense sums when sold in Europe

OF THE CASPIAN SHORE

e with the Enlightened Policy of the Iranian Government

hich roam the southern shores of the Caspian Sea acknowledge no master, er and ride them with a daring that has to be seen to be believed. There may th Iranian Government is determined to bring the nomads to live in the villages

DURING THE HOT SUMMER MONTHS when the steppe is arid and the pasture sparse, every care must be taken to preserve the food for the flocks and herds and, so that there shall be no waste, the hay and barley rations for each animal are measured out in this clay tub

A NATURAL HORSEMAN: This Turkoman youth, who probably learnt to ride not so long after he learnt to walk and whose seat in the saddle is one that any man could envy, carries in his right hand a lasso as he helps in the work of rounding up the cattle on the steppe. His peaked, fur trimmed Turkoman cap and embroidered shirt suit him to perfection

NO STALL FOR THEM: The Turkoman horses live entirely in the open, but at night, when the temperature falls abruptly, they are rugged up against the cold. They are wonderful specimens, possessing rare spirit

CAPS ADORNED WITH SILVER COINS are worn by some of the nomad girls as a badge of good family. They contrast strangely with the ragged appearance of the rest of their dress. The children are intelligent, with a self assurance bred of their freedom of living

In Marble Halls

(To the tune of "I dreamt that I dwelt")

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls
Designed in the very best taste;
There were pictures by Landseer
adorning the walls,
And potted palms prettily placed.
There were butlers and flunkeys
to do my behest
In a very respectful way;
And I also dreamt, which pleased me best,
That they gave me a Guinness a day.

Its goodness and flavour
quite captured my heart,
I was thrilled by its ruby-like gleam;
And then, to my sorrow, I woke with a start
And found it was only a dream.
Yet though palaces, pictures and palms,
and the rest
That I dreamt of have vanished away,
I can still have the one thing that pleases me best
—I can still have a Guinness a day.

A Guinness a day is good for you

G.E.681.A

When The Berries Ripen

The Season of Fruitfulness so eagerly awaited by the Creatures of the Wild

AS the seasonal mists which hold these autumnal mornings so closely in their thrall leisurely resolve themselves into nothingness, a delicate embroidery of faery is disclosed. Fashioned with an infinite skill, this embroidery is slung from point to point of flower or frond, leaf or twig, as the case may be—its every detail saturated with the light moisture. Thus may the industrious spiders rest satisfied with their handiwork, which so well serves its purpose; and surely they cannot be indifferent to its ornamental value in the mellowing landscape of to-day.

Upon the hedgerow there is now displayed another noticeable ornament of this period of the year. For here is set in profusion the deep crimson of the hawthorn berry. These same are plentiful indeed; and they have drawn to themselves a traveller from a foreign land—that handsome member of the thrush family—the fieldfare. He is one of those early comers, who have forsaken their native country betimes, lured hither by the remembrance of the good days and the goodly provender that should be found here in superabundance. In this they, so far, have certainly not met with disappointment.

Greedily the bird is feeding upon the berries; and the hawthorn's stock is dwindling rapidly beneath the energy of his onslaught. When at length his hunger is appeased he takes up his place upon a twig nearby, and begins to trim his feathers. And then it is that his colouring may be seen to some advantage. His back is of a warm chestnut hue, his head and neck are ash-grey, and mingled with these shades are touches of white and black about his plumage. The fieldfare is rather larger in his size than our song thrush.

There is a lavish provision of berries this season for the people of the wild. Upon the trees and bushes the fruit is massed in great quantities; and as far as this is concerned there is a fine harvest for all and sundry. So that there is many another attraction about the hedgerow, besides those haws sought by the fieldfare. The briar has contributed a generous portion of bright red hips; whilst the elder—not to be outdone—carries a multitude of empurpled clusters.

Within the field, not far removed from the hedge, a few cornflowers are showing—small, dark blue stars which are said to have a distinctive and perhaps a little-known utility besides that of adorning the countryside, which is this; when the flowers are plucked their petals must be gently crushed. Then to the juices that result a little alum diluted with water should be added and this mixture can be made to serve in water-colour painting. This simple preparation must have been greatly acceptable in those times when materials for artists were hard to come by.

The birdland folk are by now gradually emerging from their retreats. It is of much interest to note them as they appear once more upon the scene, looking so neat in their fresh suits and re-entering with so much zest and gaiety upon their various occupations.

With some of them a great excitement seems to prevail at the present time. Such as is evinced by the active treecreeper—who seems almost as though the autumnal air had mounted to his head, and momentarily entirely unbalanced him from his more customary habits. As he runs, or rather—as to-day—he races, upwards and downwards and sideways upon his favoured trees and their branches, his voice resounds at frequent intervals in a sharp stridency. But, now and again, he pauses; and then, as though his excitement had grown almost beyond his control, he quite simply screams—and screams. It is surprising, but far from unpleasing to the listening ear.

When he has thus relieved his feelings the treecreeper, quite satisfied, continues on his way, thrusting vigorously about the bark with his finely pointed beak.

And next a different note is to be heard, as through the softening hues of the maturing woodland there comes the sturdy nuthatch hastening in the direction of the hazel copse. These are busy days for him. He has been carefully observing the progress of the crop, as it was passing through its varying stages before attaining to perfection. From the palest of green to shades of rose; and so eventually to a rich and tempting brown; by this time there will be some nuts that have ripened to a sufficiency for his taste; and, as he hurries onward towards the feast, he whistles cheerily.

The nuthatch well knows that he must not delay, for the fruit is few and far between this year upon the bushes; and the output is a poor one. There are a number of others besides himself who will wish to secure some of it before it is too late.

Muriel W. Haywood

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT RETURN FROM THEIR CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY: Her Royal Highness, slightly deafened by the engines during the flight, held her hands to her ears after alighting from the Imperial Airways air liner on arrival at Croydon last week. During their stay abroad the Duke and Duchess called on Princess Paul of Yugoslavia and Countess Toerring, but owing to a last minute change in plans were unable to see the Duke and Duchess of Windsor as they had originally arranged

CIVIC OCCASION: Sir Richard Meller (left), Mayor of the new borough of Beddington and Wallington, receiving the charter of incorporation from Lord Ashcombe, Lord Lieutenant of Surrey. Sir Richard is M.P. for Mitcham

TO MARRY: Mr. Dennis Stoll, twenty-five year old son of Sir Oswald Stoll, one of the big figures in the cinema world, and his fiancée Miss Diana Forbes, the daughter of Mrs. Duncan Forbes

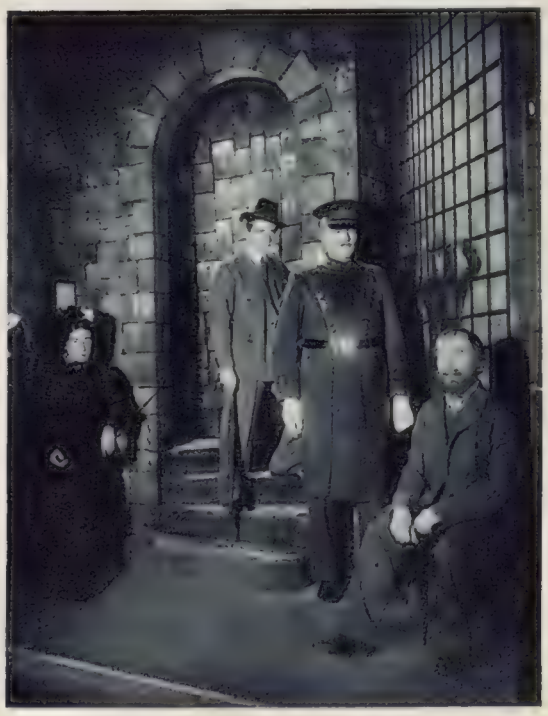
THE LIGHT FANTASTIC: Michael Fokine rehearsing Rimsky-Korsakov's *Golden Coquerel* at the Drill Hall, Chenies Street, in preparation for its presentation at Covent Garden this week by [Colonel de Basil's] ballet company

NOTED JOURNALIST WEDS: Mr. Wickham Steed, former editor of the *Times*, with his bride, Miss Sybille Mason. They were married quietly last week at St. Mary's, Northleigh, Oxfordshire

"LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR," the film which has been written by Sacha Guitry and in which he plays, is now at the Academy Cinema. The story covers some forty years in the life of an adventurer from the day when he is punished (as depicted *on left*) for stealing by not being permitted to share the family meal of mushrooms which, being poisonous, cause the death of his parents. *Right*—The "hero" (Sacha Guitry) in middle-age

DONAT AND DIETRICH IN PARTNERSHIP: *Left*—One of their scenes together in the long awaited London Film Production *Knight Without Armour* which was made some time ago and is only now having its première. *Right*—A Russian setting for the film conjuring up life in the Tsarist days of privilege. This is Marlene's first English picture and it is expected to do big box-office business in the United States where her standing is as high as ever

DRAMA OF THE WESTERN OCEAN: The emigrant ship *William Brown* which provides part of the setting for Paramount's film *Souls at Sea* based on the story of a famous 19th-century wreck and the subsequent trial of the men who decided that some passengers would have to be sacrificed that others might be saved. Gary Cooper and George Raft star



THE LYCEUM'S LATEST: Victor Colebrook, the strangler (cleverly played by Terence de Marney), possibly having a sub-conscious inkling of the shape of things to come, visits the Chamber of Horrors. One of the big moments in this gripping new play, which has also been written by Mr. De Marney and is proving such a big draw at the traditional home of melodrama

STAGE and SCREEN:

"YOU can hand it to a bandit" sings Mr. Gavin Gordon in *Going Greek* the new Gaiety play. I hereby hand it to Mr. Leslie Henson (as a bandit) for probably the funniest performance in a career which has been a *crescendo* of fun.

It may be that there is nothing particularly amusing about a real bandit except his traditional costume. Let Mr. Henson be the chief of the gang, with Mr. Fred Emney as his stalwart assistant, and all goes well. All is not well, however, with this gang, for the treasury is empty. (Mr. Henson adds a black coat and top hat to the ballet skirt of Greek banditry for a preposterous board-meeting) and the sole capture is an elderly opera singer, who looks like a retired Cheltenham colonel, is quite happy, has no friends to offer ransom, and doesn't want to be ransomed anyway. But he comes into a fortune. Mr. Henson impersonates him in order to possess it, and the remainder of *Going Greek* is devoted to Hensonian antics and general complications.

This is not a case of the story not counting for anything; it counts for much since it is of the genuine farcical flavour, with merit of its own, and not merely a peg for rough-and-tumble episodes and sentimental inanities. Sentimentality is there, since comedians must rest sometimes; besides I believe some people like it. I did not like those very long dance duets about nothing in particular which were prompted by some vague love affair between Miss Louise Browne and Mr. Royston. But they were remarkably well done; besides, Mr. Royston has a pleasantly cheery personality and Miss Browne's dancing is now a fixed and welcome feature at the Gaiety. According to the usual plan, she is given a fairly serious ballet which, if no great shakes compared with the ballets at Covent Garden a few blocks away, is pretty and graceful and thoroughly competent.

Mr. Emney's stolidity does not depend merely on a massive figure. He is a true comedian and his air of bored disdain is the ideal foil for mercurial Hensonism. Mr. Richard Hearne yet again belies the appearance of a rheumatic septuagenarian by leaping and tumbling and diving through windows and performing feats of monkey-like agility. I would like to add a word of commendation for his unnamed "double," who made the close of a scene of riotous absurdity almost unbearably funny.

The music is by Lerner, Goodhart, and Hoffman, to whom Mr. Henson referred in his first-night speech as Freeman, Hardy, and Willis, the reference being inapt only in that Freeman, Hardy, and Willis would probably have made rather a better job of it. They are to be congratulated, however, in having managed to work the word "co-operation" into a sort of theme tune.

Mr. Gavin Gordon, who has a fine voice (and a singularly distinct delivery) is given next to nothing to do with it, but the very most of such material as exists is made by the excellent orchestra, most adroitly handled by Mr. Debroy Somers. With that arch-genius Henson in good form, a supporting cast which could hardly be bettered, and the whole more than efficiently produced by Mr. Herbert Bryan, *Going Greek* should be going strong a year hence.

"Crazy Days."—Had it not been used before, "Call it a Day" would have been an appropriate title for the new Shaftesbury musical play. This had rambled along in cheerful if undistinguished fashion until an American girl, Miss Gloria Day, appeared. She herself remained undistinguished until she unbuckled her skirt (or whatever it is one does with skirts) and revealed a pair of rather loose brown legs in a pair of rather tight white shorts. And then things happened. If there is such a thing as "swing" music—I am a little hazy on such points as the name for the same thing changes year by year—this was "swing" dancing. It gingered up the whole entertainment even as Miss Rogers would have done. Seldom have I seen, and heard, such mathematical precision, combined with grace of movement.

For the rest, there is a plot of the maddest, merriest type, with Mr. Stanley Lupino as the droll-in-chief. His assistant-droll, Mr. Laddie Cliff, being absent through illness, the part was played uncommonly well by Mr. Leo Franklyn, so well, indeed, that there was no need to copy so closely Mr. Cliff's outward and visible signs of stage drollery. Mr. Franklyn, hovering superficially between Mr. Cliff and Mr. Sonnie Hale, showed himself to be an expert comedian on his own account.

The humour has a homely touch, in that most of it is familiar and one knows precisely that this remark will follow that remark, and what Mr. Lupino will do or say given a certain cue. This type of fooling has to be dished up to perfection, and by far the greater part of it is. But there are a few exceptions.

I have little doubt that the great Grimaldi worked the "invisible banjo" joke, or something very much like it. Even I did not see that. But I did see Mr. George Robey work it at the now-vanished Alhambra about twenty years ago and make it about twenty times as funny. The line, "It's very light, isn't it?" went with a roar in those days. At the Shaftesbury it was received with respectful silence. Perhaps that respect was due to old age and not to Mr. Lupino's handling.

Mr. Wynn Weaver, looking like a harassed edition of Lord Berners, flitted about amusingly; an episode concerning lost false teeth caused the fun—such episodes usually do. Miss Marjorie Browne supplied romance up to a point, and everything was played at the pace demanded by musical farce. But it was Miss Day's night.

BEDSIDE MEETING: The Danish Premier, M. Stauning, who recently broke a leg and is now in a Copenhagen nursing home, received a visit from his friend Carl Brisson, the Danish stage and film star, who, on hearing of his accident, flew over to Denmark especially to see him

"You Can Hand It to the Bandits" at the Gaiety: Gloria Day, Something to See at the Shaftesbury: David Whitelaw Writes a Mystery Play That is Too Mysterious

By PHILIP PAGE

"The Feud."—Old Kaspar (when his day's work was done, and he beside his cottage door was sitting in the sun) remarked to Little Wilhelmina that "what they fought each other for I never could make out." Mr. David Whitelaw, who writes such admirable novels of adventurous excitement, perfectly explicit, made the *clou* of his play, *The Feud*, at the Cambridge Theatre a fight between two brothers. But, like old Kaspar, what they were at loggerheads with each other for I never could make out. Indeed, this mystery play is so mysterious that it needs a mind more ingenious than mine to make head or tail of it. Such minds, fortunately, are not hard to find; there are also many quite non-ingenious minds which like to be mystified, which accounts for the many successful "mystery-thrillers" of which this should be one.

It did not mystify me because I did not allow it to, and it did not thrill me because, although I react to most joys of the theatre with the fresh and eager receptivity of an intelligent schoolboy, I long ago found it impossible to care two hoots, in the case of any play, as to who murdered whom or when or how or why or by what means the corpse came to be in the cupboard or wherever it was found, or whether the brilliant detective, amateur or professional, successfully solved an insoluble problem. All I can say is that *The Feud*, with its lightning flashes, its threatening visitor to a man's bedroom, its sounds of an angry mob, heard "off," in lynching mood, and, of course, its corpse has all the elements in it of the best of its kind, and I trust it will run and run and run.

It is well acted, particularly by Mr. Edmund Willard, a damnèd never-smiling villain, and it has a wind machine which simulates a raging tempest most effectively.

"FRIENDS, ROMANS . . .": The late Ion Swinley, whose tragic death has robbed the English stage of one of its most hard-working and intelligent performers, seen as Mark Antony in an Open Air Theatre production of *Julius Caesar*. Last year, it may be remembered, he scored a big success on following John Gielgud as Trigorin in *The Seagull* at the New, considerably enhancing an already formidable reputation

"The Gods Go A-Begging."—It was good to see Sir Thomas Beecham back at the conductor's desk at Covent Garden, from which he has been absent since the opera season in early summer. He was in charge of the ballet *The Gods Go A-Begging*, which he arranged some years ago from music by Handel. The present version is new choreographically, the choreography being by M. Lichine, who recently gave us something very different in *Francesca di Rimini*. The new dances and general scheme are altogether charming but a work would be worth while without either, if one could only be sure of hearing Handel under Sir Thomas's direction.

Sir Thomas loves Handel (and a good judge too) and there is a happy smile on his face when he is dealing with that delicious music, so clean, so clear-cut, so gay, so tender, and yet so devoid of all mawkishness.

Mlle Danilova, dancing exquisitely as usual, gave of her best as the peasant-girl who becomes a goddess and M. Shabelevsky was the shepherd. This little ballet is likely now to have a permanent place in the repertoire.

Shows to Come.—Greta Nissen, the Norwegian stage and screen actress, will play a leading part in the play, *People in Love*, which will be presented by Maurice Browne at the Ambassadors on September 28, after a preliminary week at the King's, Glasgow. The play is by a young Canadian author, Arthur Reid, and was originally produced at the Arts last May. . . . It is announced that Albert de Courville, who has been in film production for the past seven years, is to return to the theatre towards the end of this year to produce *The Women*, by Claire Boothe. This play has an all-woman cast of forty-four, and since its New York production last December has been one of Broadway's most discussed pieces.

THE STORY OPENS: *Left*—Don Gantry, Duke of Cheviot (Ivor Novello), reads a letter from the wealthy Helen Winter, offering to buy Gantry Castle. He thinks it is impertinent, but his mother (Marie Lohr) and Lord William (Peter Graves) are delighted. *Right*—Don Gantry who is setting out on a cruise, mistakes the film extra Honey Wortle (Dorothy Dickson) for Helen Winter

WHEN THE LINER REACHES RIO there are more developments while the fiesta (*left*) provides the raison d'être for a spectacular scene in the Drury Lane style. *Right*—Don Gantry (Ivor Novello) quarrels with Honey Wortle (Dorothy Dickson) on learning that she is not the wealthy Helen Winter but merely a film extra who has come into a little money and is tasting the joys of freedom on a cruise

IT IS QUITE IN THE BEST MUSICAL COMEDY MANNER when the liner on which the passengers embark (*left*) is later in the evening's entertainment miraculously transformed into a battleship complete with Jack Tar chorus. Mr. Novello sets some stiff problems for the scene-shifters, once again taking the fullest advantage of the potentialities of Drury Lane for presenting spectacular settings

GRAND FINALE: *Left*—The ghosts of the great ones of the past revisit Gantry Abbey when its owner, the last of his line, is leaving it. *Right*—At the finish, however, the Duke and his Duchess—Honey Wortle that was—go to the ancestral home and are seen joining with the tenantry in singing Christmas Carols

"CREST OF THE WAVE": IVOR NOVELLO'S NEW "DRURIODRAMA"

Spectacular Moments in His Latest Musical Show now Packing the Theatre Royal to Capacity

THE CREST *of the* WAVE

They will Travel Well and always be elegant, these simple, colourful clothes

Winter will bring us nothing more distinguished than the new pencil silhouette, intricate in detail, but completely simple in outline. It is seen to perfection in the Spectator model photographed below. Made in fine black silk jersey, it has a high draped neckline, a skirt that is slit to the knee at one side, and a sheaf of golden wheat-ears embroidered on the corsage. Spectator models are English, so there is never any difficulty in obtaining them in any part of the country

Under Whose Colours

The thing that matters is that they shall be rich and effectively contrasted. The little suit in this photograph, for instance, so neat and well cut, is made in London tan with a nigger chiffon scarf, or in Florentine red and periwinkle, or grape and hyacinth. It costs 7½ guineas at Harrods, while the camel hair box-coat, full length, with curved revers and raglan sleeves set in to the neck, costs 6½ guineas

Dinner Dresses Show a Leg

On right—
How enviable are those who are leaving behind England's first winter days and are thinking of packing warm weather clothes. How much more enviable if they choose shorts like these, so well cut that they would win the approval of the most conservative. Made in dark brown shantung, pleated at the back and front, they are worn with either a matching shirt or one in some such shade as apricot, which contrasts lightly. The shorts cost 49s. 6d., the shirt, sleeveless or with short sleeves, 35s. 6d., and both come from Harrods

ANSWER TO A FARMER'S PRAYER: The "gyrotiller," a heavy mechanical plough that digs to a depth of 2 ft., is finding particular favour for dealing with hard ground, doing its work quickly and effectively and saving much time and labour. It is most economically employed, of course, on a fairly large acreage

FRUIT-HARVESTING IN THE MIDLANDS: A load of plums brought by horse-drawn sledge from a Herefordshire orchard. Here the ubiquitous tractor would have too much horse power for the job

THE MECHANICAL "HOPPER" IS HERE! Feeding the bines into the machine-room in a Kentish hop garden. An experiment doubtless regarded with mixed feelings, for it would be a thousand pities if one day mechanism ousted manual labour in this work, depriving thousands of Londoners of their annual "picking" holiday

HARVESTING HOPS—NEW STYLE: A close-up of the mechanical picker as its rows of fingers pass down through one of the bines and remove the fruit. Its potentialities for use on a large scale depend, naturally, on just how cleanly it is able to do the work

September Down on the Farm

The WORLD *of* BOOKS

A Novel of Unpromising Length and Unpromising Theme That is Bringing World-Wide Recognition to its Author—John Steinbeck Joins the All too Small Number of Great Contemporary Writers

BY VERNON FANE

AUTHORS IN THE NEWS: *Left*—John Brophy deals with a murder trial from the judge's viewpoint in his latest novel, *Behold the Judge*, which has just been published by Collins and is reviewed this week by Vernon Fane. *Right*—Margery Lawrence is enjoying a big success with her book *Overture to Life* and has also sold the film rights of *The Madonna of Seven Moons*. The Gainsborough company are putting it into production this autumn

JUST once or twice in a twelvemonth, or more often if it is a really exceptional year, a reviewer reads something so completely satisfying, so brilliantly complete, that the everyday language of criticism and comparison and definition is inadequate. When a book is just as good as can be, and I mean that without any ambiguity, perhaps the best way to describe it or to recommend it is in the simplest terms.

OF MICE AND MEN (Heinemann. 6s.) has had a very great success in the United States, and although I am not unduly chauvinistic, that is never a circumstance to prejudice me in a book's favour. As well as, I nearly wrote in spite of, being a great success and a world-wide best-seller, this is a beautiful piece of work.

It is quite short, just over 150 widely printed pages, and it is about two tramps in California. In fact, it is an unpromising length, and an unpromising subject. Its value lies entirely in the writing, and in the feeling which prompts it.

The two tramps, little George and huge Lennie, are drifting together across the continent, but unlike their fellow hoboes, they have a purpose. They are friends, and they intend one day to save enough to buy a place of their own, where they can live in peace and independence. That is the thing that animates their lives; it is almost their creed.

The formula never varies, and they repeat it to each other incessantly, as though putting it into words gave it a kind of reality, and brought it nearer to them. "Guys like us, that work on ranches, are the loneliest guys in the world. They got no family. They don't belong no place . . . they ain't got nothing to look ahead to. With us it ain't like that. We got a future. We got somebody to talk to that gives a damn about us . . . because I got you to look after me, and you got me to look after you."

In that future they are going to have a little place to live, they are going to live "off the fatta the land," George will work in the garden, Lennie will keep the rabbits. In the meantime, they must work for the money, and George must keep his eye on the half-silly, overgrown, monstrously strong child that is Lennie.

There is no easy pathos about their little tale, but a deep sense of pity, and a beautiful economy of language in the telling. It could not have been better done, and Mr. John Steinbeck with it joins the all too small number of great contemporary writers.

There is something disarming, even to the most eager searchers after libel suits, in an author who publishes the following disclaimer as a foreword: "It seems to me," writes Mrs. Angela Thirkell reflectively, "extremely improbable that any such school, masters, or boys, could ever have existed."

With which Mrs. Thirkell sets out in her usual light-hearted manner to create an ideal school for boys, with a humane headmaster, a beautiful daughter, an understanding wife, and a set of remarkably interesting masters. As for the boys, only three of them are dealt with in any detail. Swan and Morland, two young gentlemen of astonishing perspicacity, and Hacker, a studious youth with no great conversational ability, but an abiding passion for his pet chameleon, Gibbon.

"SPORTING ADVENTURE" is the title of J. Wentworth Day's new book which is issued by Messrs. Harrap and contains a fund of interesting material on British bird life. Mr. Day is here seen in the private duck sanctuary he has created on his Cambridgeshire estate, the haunt of many rare specimens including Montague's harrier and the blacknecked grebe

There is plot and counter-plot in SUMMER HALF (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.), the whole thing hilariously complicated by the boys themselves, who have a hearty, and reasonable contempt for the beautiful Rose, who is as dumb as she is blonde, and an equally reasonable leaning towards the downright Lydia (aet. 15) "whose views were simple, but unassailable." Both Lydia and the boys took an equally favourable view of eating between meals, precarious canoes, and cleaning out excessively slimy lily ponds, so that that partnership at least was an ideal one.

With their adult counterparts, things moved less smoothly. Inevitably one of the masters fell in love with Rose, and just as inevitably, she exasperated him and he fell out of love. The Latin and Greek master pursued his calm and donnish way, the new junior master proved himself amiably inefficient, and the master with socialistic tendencies snapped everybody's head off, which might or might not be some indication of the author's political tendencies.

As always, in Mrs. Thirkell's recent novels, there is a lovable and motherly young woman who, rather unfairly, is beautiful as well. Again, according to pattern, she has little mind beyond the darning of socks and the bandaging of knees, and her appeal, as in the film world, is to a strictly limited public.

The book succeeds, of course, since nothing so disconcerting or realistic as failure must be allowed in its scheme of things, and provides some quite excellent entertainment. My heart still warms to a boy who says, when planning for his summer holidays, "We can take camping things and sleep in a tent. It'll be very uncomfortable, but my mother is in America, so I might as well do something dashing," and to whom his friend answers, "We might. My people are going to a golfing hotel on the bracing East Coast. What curious ideas of pleasure their generation has".

This novel is certainly not a world-shaker, nor was it ever meant to be anything as conspicuous or alarming, but it has immense charm, and a rare appreciation of the mind of those "queer, agreeable animals called Boys, hiding their eagerness under an air of ancient wisdom, critically kind, agreeably aloof, living private lives in the public eye, exploring every wilderness of the mind, yet concerned with a tie, or a scarf."

BEHOLD THE JUDGE (Collins. 8s. 6d.) consists of at least three distinct stories, each related to the other with threads as tenuous as a spider's web, and each aiming at a common solution which will bind them into a secure whole. This is a very good and familiar literary trick, if it succeeds. In Mr. John Brophy's book I think it narrowly fails.

Story No. 1 is of a department shop, alive with petty jealousies and spites, to a degree where efficiency would seem almost impossible. Story No. 2 deals with a judge of the High Court, his tiresome wife (slightly overdrawn) and his intelligent and charming son. Story No. 3 is of that son's love for a girl who works in the shop.

The links are there, and when a shop feud results in a murder trial, at which the judge presides, the chain seems to be complete. Actually it is not, since the girl is not even distantly concerned in the murder, the

(*Continued on page* 510.)

THE HORSE IN LONDON

The Day of the "Vanner" such is His Usefulness, the They May, will Not Drive

MID-DAY SNACK: A London van horse enjoying his nose-bag during a brief halt

In a recent article in "The Sphere" published during the International Horse Show, it was pointed out how much the Society of the Horse and Pony Clubs had done to popularise the horse and pony from the point of view of hacking and hunting.

In this article is set forth the work of the National Horse Association of Great Britain, and kindred bodies, to repel the threat to eliminate the horse, and in particular, the van horse, from the road.

WHEN Mr. Hore-Belisha was a hustling Minister of Transport he was, of course, the natural prey of everyone who knew how to run his job better than he did himself.

Now among his critics were certain noisy sections who declared that the only way to make the highways possible for motorists was to sweep the horse from off the roads. The plan for the elimination of the horse was well advanced before the natural guardians of the horse took alarm and combined in the defence of their interests. Now their defence seems pretty sure because it is based, not on sentimental but on national and economic grounds.

Apart from the effect elimination of the horse would have upon agriculture, the horse remains an economic necessity of the streets. He is cheaper than the car when it comes to short distance haulage, and it is short distance which rules commercial traffic conditions in all towns and cities.

Take the case of London. According to the last available returns there were 39,656 horses (including ponies, cobs, and light, medium, and heavy vanners) within the London Metropolitan Police area. And these horses are so established as to make it unlikely for them to be replaced. For instance, the four great groups of railways with termini in London alone account for upwards of 13,000; United Dairies account for 2,500 and so on. And all these horses, some will argue, cumber the ground. Do they? Major-General Sir John Moore, writing on "Horses for Commercial Transport" says—"Considering the great increase in motor traffic . . . which has brought about the present state of traffic congestion, it is questionable whether the abolition of horsed transport would effect any material change."

No! The best day's work which was ever done for the horse was when the late Minister of Transport disclosed, in answer to a question in the House of Commons, that the Ministry of Transport was considering a scheme for the gradual elimination of all horses from certain streets not only in London but in other large towns.

Opposition to that threat was instant, sturdy, and founded on three main issues.

From the point of view of justice Sir John Moore argued that the agitation for the elimination of the horse threatened the very existence of a large number of horse vehicle owners, small traders, horse keepers, and carmen. It is a matter of life and death, he says, to thousands of poor men in Southwark, Lambeth, Bermondsey and other boroughs.

Mr. J. W. Mackintosh, President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, put the matter another way:—

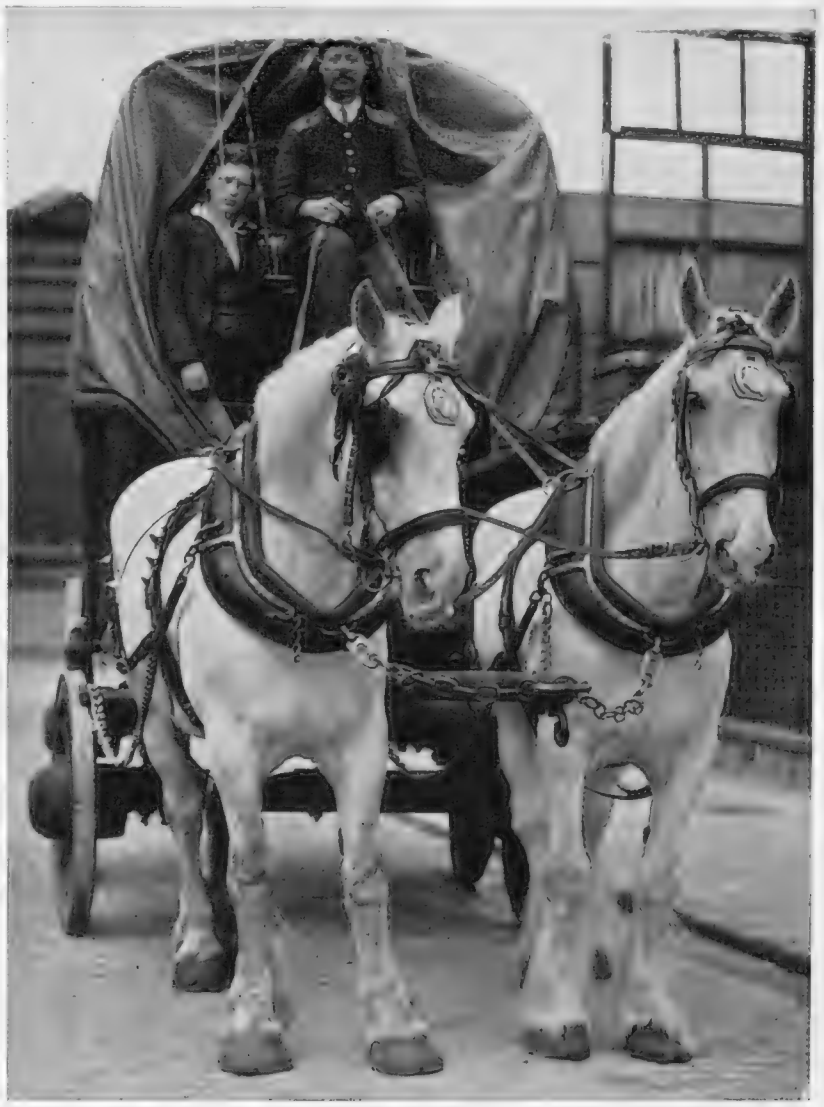
It will not be denied that horse-drawn vehicles as well as many other forms of traffic do at times slow up faster-moving vehicles; but many of us think that this is a very good thing and a very useful check "on that speeding up" which has become a real source of anxiety and danger to the public. Moreover, is the speeding up, of which we hear so much, so vital to the interests of the nation as to give it prior claim to all other interests? Of course not! No one section of the community has the right to expect privileges at the expense of others. The coster's barrow should be as free to our highways as the millionaire's luxury car.

And then, if the matter is pursued, arises the dread spectacle of unemployment which would follow wholesale elimination of the horse. It is not easy for a man to accommodate himself to a machine after the management of horses. And there are so many trades concerned—shoeing-smiths, wheelwrights, horse dealers, saddlers, harness makers, veterinary surgeons, hay and straw dealers. Nor must it be forgotten that horses consume British produce. Aye, there is the rub indeed and the British farmer is now in the forefront in the battle for the horse.

Tractors and other mechanical agricultural motor driven machines have not swept away the horse from the fields.

To the farmer, and especially the small farmer, life is impossible without the horse. In many cases, indeed, the horse is the rent-payer as much as is Paddy's pig. Broken in on the farm when young—say, at two-and-a-half years—the horse serves his turn at plough or between the shafts until, at five or six, he is sold for haulage purposes to the towns. There he may serve as many as eight or ten years, to be sold back to the farm again. But to appreciate the scale of the business let me once again quote Sir John Moore:—

"A conservative estimate of the industrial horses in Great Britain is 200,000, which, on an average of £40 per head per annum for feeding, provides a market for £9,000,000 to £10,000,000 worth of agricultural produce. Any market reduction in the horse strength of the country will have an appreciable effect on the agricultural situation and would destroy hope of the farmers' disposing of horses and farm produce."



A STRAPPING PAIR: Despite the fact that 32 years have passed since the Great Western Railway Co. first used motor lorries, van horses of the light and active type depicted here continue to hold their own in the work of goods delivery, doing all that is required of them cheaply and well. Of the 1,700 horses owned by the company 500 are stabled in the London area, mostly at Paddington

It is altogether an intricate business, this affair of the horse, and to study it—wholesale as it were—one cannot do better than look in at the stables of the G.W.R. at South Wharf Road, Paddington. Of the 1,700 horses owned by the Company, the best part of 500 are here.

Here indeed is the citadel of the London van horse.

Perhaps instead of citadel I should have said "block of flats" for the "stables" are immense buildings, the upper storeys being approached by ramps

VAN HORSES HAVE TO BE SHOD tread, being apt to wear away one hard metalled roads. With the skilled swift business, however, and straight

N'S STREETS : By Edward Bradden

Far from Done, and, Motorists, Try as Him from the Roads

A VERITABLE VETERAN: This engraving of "Old Billy" hangs in the Council Chamber of the Shire Horse Society in Hanover Square as a perpetual reminder of his longevity and usefulness. When he died he must have been just over sixty-one years of age, having worked for the greater part of his career in the service of the Mersey Navigation Co.

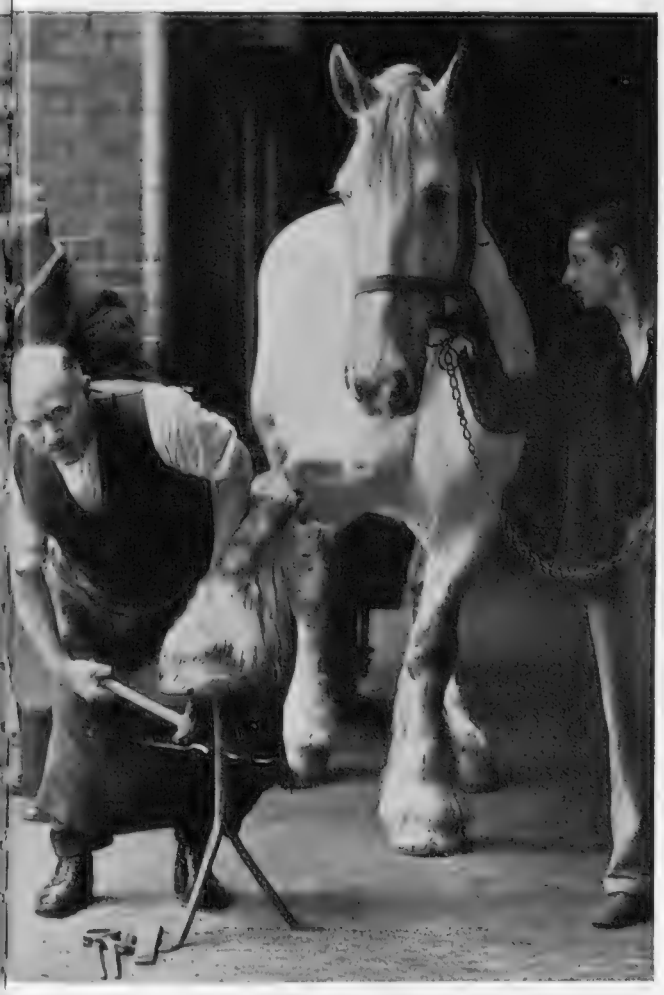
l easy gradient; a method of going up to bed and coming down to work, a little startling to a newcomer straight from the farm, but there are ways of dealing with things.

When I went over the stables they had just received drafts from Bath and Gloucester. Most of the horses had done a couple of years or so on a farm and the ways of London are naturally at first strange to them. However, each new horse is put with an old hand and in a few days the old hands teach the young 'uns many of the tricks of the trade. When, for instance, they are released from stall by the stableman, the seasoned horse will lead the young horse down the ramp at the carter's calling. Along the roads in roaring London the old horse will nurse the new horse in many marvellous ways; such as getting into the collar the moment the released footbrake goes "clump," or how to pull up smartly at the tightening of the rein; for it must be remembered that in competing with motor traffic the horse must start and stop smoothly.

When they return from a round and are unhitched they walk to the water troughs, drink their fill and climb up to bed. Each horse knows its own stall and makes its own way to it. There, harness removed, they are "rested" and fed until it is time to bed them down. Most horses lie down to sleep at any rate for part of the time. A few horses never lie down; they sleep standing. Others prefer to sit, and, for the benefit of those, stout chains are hooked across the stalls and on these the horses rest their quarters and sleep blissfully. Their sleep is watched over. Stablemen move stealthily; quiet is insisted on; the horses must not be disturbed or awakened.

Hours vary and so does the work. For example, some eighty horses are off at 3 a.m. each morning to the markets, Smithfield, Billingsgate, Covent Garden. But the main exodus is from 8 to 9 a.m. Roughly, however, harness jingles round the clock at Paddington.

The care for these horses is complete. Their fodder comes from the Company's own depot at Didcot—some 1,100 sacks of it a week. Each horse's harness is made and repaired on the premises. They are shod by their own shoesmith. If a horse's collar is wet it is put into a drying chamber. There is not much sickness but sickness there must be. So there is a veterinary staff, an ultra modern surgery, two hospitals, and a convalescent home.



SURPRISINGLY OFTEN as, like humans, they have an uneven particular part of a shoe through constant "drumming" on the smiths employed at the G.W.R. depot at Paddington shoeing is a forward renewal jobs are sometimes completed in less than an hour

PADDINGTON'S THREE-STOREY STABLE: Van horses descending the ramp from the upper floors at the G.W.R. depot where some hundreds of them are housed in ideal conditions. A few of the "vanners" are by now so accustomed to things that they have only to be unfastened by the stablemen to find their own way down in answer to the familiar calls of their respective drivers

Why, you ask, all these horses and all these elaborate arrangements?

Well, we have shown some of the reasons already; and now we will get down to brass tacks on economics. All these horses are kept by the Great Western because for short haulage the horse is cheaper than the motor.

1,100 SACKS OF FODDER A WEEK are unloaded at the G.W.R.'S Paddington depot to meet the needs of the army of horses stalled there. Each sack contains a standard mixture of oats, beans, maize, and chaff. *On left*—Mr. R. Eaglesham, the company's veterinary surgeon, dealing with a patient

Let us take some figures but, be it marked, they are figures compiled by the National Horse Association and not those of the G.W.R. whose figures are their own affair.

It is purely a question of economics and in the matter of transport the initial outlay is far more costly in respect to motor vehicles than in respect to vans and horses. In the same way the cost of the upkeep of vans and horses is also much lighter. The following figures make the case clear:—

A leading London transport firm on a basis of 20 miles per day gives costings as follows:—Cost per day of 8 working hours: Light horsed vehicle (one horse), 17s. 9d. (2s. 2½d. per hour); heavy horsed vehicle (two horses), 25s. 7d. (3s. 2½d. per hour); motor van (25 cwt.), 24s. 2d. (3s. 0½d. per hour); heavy lorry (4 tons), 36s. 6d. (4s. 6½d. per hour).

A large London stores computes its daily costings for 313 working days per year and 8 hours per day at 18s. 10d. for single light horse van, £1 4s. 1½d. for a 25-cwt. motor van, £1 4s. 2d. for a pair horse van, and £1 7s. 8½d. for a 3-ton motor lorry.

The all in costings of one of London's dairy companies with a large stud of cobs works out at 13s. 9·38d. per single horsed vehicle per day.

A co-operative business concern in the provinces with a stud of 400 horses and 80 motor cars for house to house delivery of commodities such as coal, milk and bread, gave their costings per week as follows:—Single horse vehicle £5 15s. 7½d.; 25-cwt. motor vehicle £10 0s. 7·2d. (per week of 48 hours); pair horse vehicle £5 18s. 7½d. per horse; 4-ton lorry £15 8s. 7·4d. (per week of 48 hours).

The costings attaching to a London municipality daily are estimated at 18s. 10d. for a single-horsed vehicle, while those of a 4-ton lorry are estimated at £2 5s. 8d.

(*Continued on page* 510)

ELIMINATING DIRECT CROSS-ROADS: A novel method of doing this is to make minor road traffic travel on the major road for thirty yards before continuing in its original direction. An innovation in Oxfordshire

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: *On left*—The vexed question of whether parking lights are required at night is here solved in a sensible way. *On right*—An original safety notice for all road users erected at Clearwell, Glos.

CONSTRUCTING THEIR OWN BY-PASS: Out of funds raised by a local collection, the villagers of Cassington, near Oxford, are making this road on a ¾-mile track, disowned by the local authorities, and which, when completed, will save them a two-mile journey to the main road

SUPPLYING AN URGENT NEED: In order to cope with the ever increasing flow of traffic over it, the picturesque bridge over the Thames at Richmond is being widened

OBEYING THE LAW TO THE LETTER

A Motoring Organisation's Endeavour to Demonstrate How the Strict Observance of the Pedestrian Crossings Regulations Would Lead to Chaos

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (*Clerk of the Course, Brooklands*)

PERHAPS there are a large number of motorists who have never heard of an organisation called the Society of United Motorists. I must confess that I only remember them at the time of their birth in 1934, so what they have been doing in the interval I am not quite certain. However, from what I understand now they are real fighters in the cause of motoring and they have just decided to start a new fight in which they ask all motorists to join. They have selected the week, Sunday, September 26, to Saturday, October 2, both days inclusive, and this is to be known as Crossing Observance Week. That sounds all very mysterious, but in actual fact it is quite simple.

The idea is that every motorist should observe, according to the strict interpretation of the law, the regulations regarding pedestrian crossings. Briefly, the law says at uncontrolled crossings a vehicle driver must be able to stop before the crossings if he sees anyone on the crossing.

For instance, if a driver sees the crossing is clear when he is 50 yards away he must still be able to stop before the crossing in case a pedestrian steps on to the crossing when he is only a yard away. Therefore, according to the law, all uncontrolled crossings must be approached at a walking pace. Again, the law says anyone on a crossing must be allowed to pass over that crossing before the vehicle driver commences to pass over.

The Society states that there was some doubt at first as to what "free and uninterrupted passage" meant, but it has now been held that a motorist who passes in front of a pedestrian who was beginning to cross on the opposite side of a wide street is failing to give this as it might tend to make the pedestrian hesitate. Further, where a motorist passes behind a pedestrian on a crossing the pedestrian might be frightened into stepping back into the path of the vehicle. Therefore, every driver must allow anyone on a crossing to reach the opposite pavement before proceeding.

At crossings controlled by lights or a policeman the vehicle driver must not begin to move before any pedestrian who started to cross before the driver is signalled on has completed the crossing. The Society asks every driver, whether he is a member or not, to observe these regulations to the letter during the week specified, and they are of the opinion that if the law is complied with traffic will be brought almost to a standstill.

Owing to the recent case a pedestrian cannot apparently be held guilty of any negligence whilst on a crossing, and so the Society considers it is only fair that the driver should not be held responsible for any accident to a pedestrian off the crossing. By adhering to the law as suggested the idea is to demonstrate to the authorities that the law as regards crossings is bad and it is hoped to demonstrate its unsoundness by carrying out en masse these instructions.

DAGENHAM'S NEW PRODUCTION: An interesting successor to the popular Ford is this attractive new Ford Eight. Graceful and spacious bodywork distinguishes this new car which has ample accommodation for luggage and many features specially devised for the comfort of both driver and passengers

Another manufacturer has announced his new season's programme. I refer to the 1938 Hillman cars. The programme consists of the recently introduced Hillman Minx, the Hillman seven-seater Limousine and Saloon and a new Fourteen model. This new Hillman Fourteen is a full-size five seater. It is a distinguished thoroughly modern looking car but not futuristic. It looks as if it should sell for at least twice what is actually asked for it.

Its specification is more than usually interesting but, perhaps, its most important feature is the well-tried Evenkeel suspension. This gives independent front-wheel springing, an improvement which gives every occupant in the car, those in the rear seats as well as in the front, greatly increased comfort. In addition the driver finds his steering is more accurate and that the road-holding qualities of the car are infinitely better.

The chassis has a box-girder frame, a design which gives seven times the strength of the old channel type. The four-speed gear-box has synchromesh on all four gears. The engine is a four-cylinder job with side-by-side valves and although the cubic capacity is well under two litres the engine develops 51 b.h.p. but in spite of that the annual tax is only £10.10.0.

The car is completely equipped on the most up-to-date lines. I notice, for instance, that the body is of pressed-steel constructed in one piece, spring bumpers are fitted both front and back and all the glass is of Triplex "toughened" safety-glass. Special attention has been paid to the comfort of the driver, the windscreen gives a wide angle vision and is free from blind spots. At night time the headlamps give a long beam and the switch for dipping them is situated on the steering wheel. The driver also finds that the instrument panel is directly in front of him and can be read without lifting his eyes from the road.

Much to my joy I find that the designers have realised that the average motorist sometimes desires to take a suitcase with him. I doubt in fact if any car of the same size has more space for luggage accommodation than has this new Hillman Fourteen. The car has been built for the average man and I feel quite convinced that that individual will like it and that as a result even the enlarged works that are turning it out will be hard put to it to supply the demand.

Nowadays manufacturers vie with one another in thinking out original schemes for introducing new models to their agents and the Press. The Hillman Motor Car Company when they introduced this new car struck on the happy idea of staging a street of full-sized shops in which were found the many facilities and sales aids they provide for the use of their dealers.

On the other side of the street was reproduced complete premises as might be used by a thoroughly up-to-date dealer. These premises included new car showrooms, used car showroom, offices and a complete service station, equipped with every modern service apparatus. These premises were fully staffed and in working order. Not only was this scheme original but it was of direct benefit to the many dealers who were present and naturally, what benefits them is of service to the private owner.

Although we have statistics to tell us how many new cars are produced in a month or a year, it is exceedingly difficult to ascertain the number of used cars that are bought. This number, however, must be quite large and as many of the purchasers are people of limited motoring experience I would like to pass on a word of warning which may be of assistance.

Should a prospective purchaser find that his choice is directed to a car advertised as late 1935, 1936 as the case may be, he will find that the price paid for a car will usually be that ruling for cars produced in the following year. As a matter of fact, the car will most likely be advertised as, say, 1936, although it may have been registered first of all in October, November, or December, 1935. The agent or the dealer is perfectly correct in describing the car in the way he does and, also, is in my opinion entitled to ask for the corresponding cash value.

Nowadays, when new models are announced as early as July the position is still more aggravated. Some cars bought at the end of July 1937 can be quite truthfully described as 1938 models, and when 1939 comes along the dealer who has one for sale may, quite properly, ask for the price which he is entitled to get for a 1938 model.

The trouble, however, comes when the motorist who has bought the car tries to sell it. He will probably find that the 1938 model which he bought towards the end of 1937 will suddenly be looked upon, so far as its selling value is concerned, as a 1937 model.

I would advise, therefore, any prospective purchaser of a used car to inspect the registration book before he actually buys the vehicle, and if it first did see the light of day towards the end of any particular year he might obtain from the dealer a written guarantee that should he wish to buy another car at some future period and desires to trade-in the car he is at the moment buying, the amount allowed would be that corresponding to the year which describes the model and not to the year when it was actually manufactured.

This England . . .

Poole Harbour from Ballard Down—Dorset

THERE has never been any nonsense about the men of Dorset — men of peace, liking their comforts, they would nevertheless fight to keep them. Dourly they drove off the Danes, but would have no truck with the Norman and Plantagenet struggles. And when the Civil war was upon them, there arose the "clubmen," who would bear no arms at the county musters, but punished indifferently and with vigour the Roundhead or Royalist caught plundering! To this spirit in our England we owe the continuance of the good things of English living to-day — justice, liberty, the genial life; nay, even your Worthington has not been tampered with since the days of leathern cups.

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THE FATHERLAND AND THE FAITH

(Continued from page 486)

total of 350,000 active members, spread propaganda by going to the Hitler Youth over its beer in the evenings, on which occasions the hot gospellers of the new National Church are saluted and guarded by uniformed Nazis.

There is not the slightest doubt but that Hitler wants this compromise Church to catch on, realising that should things religious remain angrily, almost defiantly, as they are, he may have bitten off too tough a morsel.

To what extent does the compromise really run? This is perhaps best answered by quoting saliently from our two pastors. Here is Julius Leutheuser:—

"*Since the Napoleonic Wars God has spoken to the Germans plainly and without mistake, ordaining: 'Be a nation. Be the temple of My Holy Spirit. Be My people. I lay upon you the mission of carrying the banner of My realm into the universe. Germany, I have summoned you. Build you an image of My realm upon Earth. He who loves not Germany loves not the world. Who betrays Germany betrays the universe. Who doubts Germany doubts the meaning of all life.*'"

Just that; plus this from Siegfried Leffler:—

"We see ever more clearly, behind Germany's story of pain and struggle, the face of Christ, the Saviour of the world.

"So this is our faith: After 2,000 years the Eternal has summoned the Germans to fulfil the mission that He had laid in the cradle of our race. The world must choose between Germany and Israel. God fulfils His will through peoples—through a chosen people."

And the good pastor goes on to proclaim the Germans as that people, and Adolph Hitler as the Deity's new terrestrial implement—gospel of a German Jehovah brightly adapted from the Old Testament—

"In the dark night of our epoch Hitler was the window through which light fell upon our Christian history. Through him we are able to see our Saviour symbolised in German history.

"In the person of the Fuehrer we see God's ambassador."

We seem to be hovering noticeably close to that villa at Tutzing.

. . . Just now, with Mussolini in Germany, all the foregoing assumes added interest.

The autocratic, personal-policy *Italia sopra tutto* (on earth) Pope Pius XI has swallowed astonishingly of war and outrage against his Church and faithful, in order that he may still remain "in," or avoid rupture with, those who are ostensibly and so spectacularly waging an anti-Communist crusade.

With his Holiness, who lived through the worst of the Red terror as Nuncio, on what was in essence the dissolved Eastern Front (1918–21), Bolshevism has become an obsession permanently uppermost, perhaps

CONTINUATIONS

clouding and blurring gravely, deforming, distorting. It is indulging no verbal flightiness to say that Shinto worshippers, invading and massacring Chinese, but having hoisted the anti-Communist banner, ought to find greater favour with the Vatican, if this institution were logical, than democratic Catholics on the side of Valencia.

Are there limits beyond which the clinging to life present Pontiff cannot venture or will refuse to go in his efforts not to march out of step with the Fascist dictatorships?

The aftermath of the Duce's German visit may supply an answer; for if there's one thing certain, it is that behind all the reaffirmation ballyhoo of the Rome-Berlin axis, is concealed a major Mussolinian attempt to bring about a slackening of the grand Nazi offensive against Christianity and particularly the cult of Rome.

And if another thing is certain, it is that when such request is made, totalitarian resourcefulness, incredibly getting away with it, will once again become manifest; it being this way:

The very unheard-of initial violence and comprehensiveness of Nazi propaganda is an asset subsequently when injured parties appear with requests that attacks on them shall be modified. In response to Mussolini's approach, Hitler may well agree to soft-pedal with the broadside on alleged priestly morals, in Catholic Germany, that the Nazi party has sponsored all this year and which is known to have shocked the Pope.

"Very well, I'll agree to reduce that. But nothing else. The rest must go on. Complete taking over by the Nazi State of all youth, Catholic or otherwise, in the matter of moral moulding. A complete sweeping of the priesthood and of all religion save the National Socialist out of politics and public life."

And as likely as not Pope Pius may have to rest content with that "victory"—gradual cessation of dreadful, obviously freely framed charges against his representatives in Germany. Had those charges never been made with such appallingness Hitler might have had to relent in some other direction less convenient for the development of his own religious policy.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Continued from page 505)

love story is not affected by it, and the victim and the accused are characters of only the slightest interest.

What is interesting, and makes the book well worth reading, is the author's exposition of the judge's character, his heart-searchings, his honesty, and his humorous tolerance in problems that are not of a strictly legal nature. Mr. Brophy has made a real person of his Sir Henry, and given him the active, still impressionable mind of a mature but brilliant man.

Three years ago Lord Beaverbrook gave Mr. J. Wentworth Day a very sound piece of advice (we have Mr. Day's own word for it), and this week has seen the result of that advice.

The result is the publication of SPORTING ADVENTURE (George Harrap. 12s. 6d.), and the advice itself was summed up in these words, "Jimmy, you're fool enough to lie on your stomach in a marsh watching birds. Well, write about them before you die of cramp. Birds have more adventure than most people. They see more of the world than any of us. So write about them. Humanise the urbanised."

Mr. Day has divided his book into twelve chapters, each concerned with one month of the year. His knowledge of wild birds and game in many of its aspects would have made this an interesting book for the sportsman, in any case. As it is, he has written a book which the layman will enjoy and, more important, understand.

His opinions of large organised drives are worthy of a chapter to themselves, and he has none of the expert's disdain for the beginner.

THE HORSE IN LONDON'S STREETS

(Continued from page 507)

These figures given seem pretty conclusive, and the economy of horse over motor is vouched for by such firms as United Dairies and Messrs. James Buchanan who are of opinion that, on short haulage horse transport is 50 per cent. cheaper than motor; while Thomas Tilling—and they should surely know—put the saving in horse transport at 60 per cent.

So it seems that the cart horse is likely to survive, at any rate for a long while. He certainly has accumulated many friends since war was declared on him.

The scope of the National Horse Association is wide and powerful; and on its Council are the representatives of such bodies as various horse breeding societies, the National Veterinary Medical Association, the Worshipful Company of Saddlers, the British Hay Traders Association, the National Farmers Union, the Assistant Director of Remounts and so on. Yes, the horse is in good hands.

Curiously enough I happen to be writing this at the window of a house on a seaside front. And I have just heard that pleasant sound, the clop-clop of shoes of a pair of horses on the road. Such an unwonted sound, that I looked out of the window. And there an aged team—retired from farmwork I am afraid—were clop-clopping along with a crowded charabanc. They tell me that it is always crowded. People make the trip because they have never been driven behind horses in their lives. It's a new thrill!

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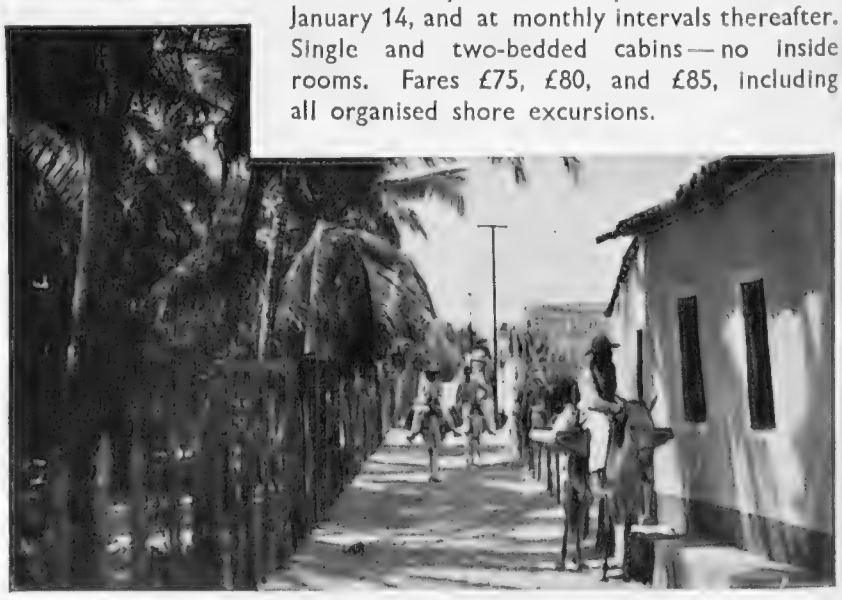

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TREASURES OF POMPEII: Fine Roman silverware brought to light among the ashes of the ruined city which still exerts such a powerful fascination. Pompeii is easily enough reached by the cruising traveller stepping off for a day or so ashore at neighbouring Naples

THERE are few things so dull as aimless wandering. How often we hear someone say "And then we 'did' Carthage" or Canterbury, as the case may be, as if Carthage and Canterbury were so many scalps on a girdle which must at all costs have its full complement before the traveller can qualify, for what? Here my analogy breaks down. My point is, however, to stress that if you set out on a journey with a definite object in view, having read about it beforehand as groundwork, you will return with a sense of achievement which will be lacking if you have merely purposelessly wandered. The goal in question may or may not have lived up to your expectations; but you will have done what you set out to do, and the unexpected and incidental things which you will have seen and done by the way will have more than weighed down the balance in favour of a successful holiday.

On the corresponding page in the last Travel Number of this paper I wrote of the fascination exercised by islands. The winter counterpart gives me a chance, I think opportunely, of dealing with a subject of study of equally absorbing interest—that of lost cities.

The search for the lost city is a quest hallowed by a tradition older than the days of Marco Polo or poor Sir Walter Raleigh. (It is by the way strange to consider that an almost equally great stretch of time separated the first of these explorers from the second as the second from Mr. Peter Fleming.) Sir Walter never found his Eldorado and returned to a long imprisonment, which was however to give us his famous history, and eventual execution; but the appeal of the lost city depends upon something in our nature more pleasant than the lust for gold which filled *his* master.

Who built these ramparts, and against whose menace? What sort of life was lived in these empty palaces, and what rites were celebrated at these altars where now only the lizards sun themselves? What catastrophe caused a flight so sudden that the inhabitants had no time to remove their household goods? Why was that meal set in readiness never eaten? And, chiefly, by what miracle have these buildings been preserved until our times? These are some of the questions which we ask ourselves. Sometimes some of the answers are known; rarely all.

And, asking myself these questions, I find the ruined city a peculiarly fit subject for discussion at this season. Many of them lie in the warmer parts of the world; most lie within reach of ports of call of the cruising liners. It is in this context that I make mention of a few.

Perhaps the most ancient on the list of well-preserved ruined cities save one, and certainly of the greatest interest, lie within easy reach. (I confess that I give way to my own base preference of liking to have a comparatively large "remain" to look at; so that I omit such places as Maiden Castle and Troy). Pompeii and Herculaneum are close to Naples and, thanks to the accident of the presence of one of history's greatest writers at that epic moment, and the further accident of the survival of what he wrote, we have to guess less at what happened when they were overwhelmed than in most other cases.

Almost as thrilling as the eruption itself is the sublime detachment of the elder Pliny as, fascinated and careless of a danger which was particularly real to a man of his age and an asthmatic subject to boot, he surveyed what must have seemed and, in so far as he was concerned, was in fact the end of the world. It is to the pen of his nephew that we are indebted for one of the best pieces of descriptive writing in existence.

The overwhelming of Pompeii and Herculaneum, accompanied as it was by the full fury of Vesuvius in eruption, the thunder of explosions, the unnatural movement of the sea, the vast column of smoke "like a huge tree" above the mountain and the pitiless rain of suffocating ash, must have been an awful spectacle, But it was the rain which turned the ash to mud which ensured the preservation of the doomed cities from A.D. 79 until 1861 when excavation was systematically started.

It is exciting to see the houses, the shops, frescoes, and gardens of the two towns and to notice the ruts of the chariot wheels in the street; but think of the thrill of actually unearthing these things (macabre thought!) by pouring liquid cement into holes in the volcanic ash to discover the very attitudes in which this faithful sentry died at his post, or that dog which refused to leave without first finding his master (whom he doubtless had lost in the panic), was suffocated! Of the two towns Pompeii is better known by name because it was first to be excavated; but Herculaneum is really the more interesting.

Then I would move north-east to Greece, and from the Piræus journey to where on the lower slopes of Mount Taygetus stands the citadel and town built by William of Villehardouin in the thirteenth century. In Hellas it seems sacrilege to speak of medieval things. To the relics of heroic Greece I hope to turn in a later article. But in the context in which I am writing Mistra is of considerable interest. A relic of the second crusade, which, sardonically enough, was by the ruin of the Eastern Empire finally responsible for the entry of the Turk into Europe, Mistra is a perfect medieval town with its painted churches and echoing palaces. Strange that some of the features of the country of the liberty-loving Greeks should be the remains of feudal strongholds.

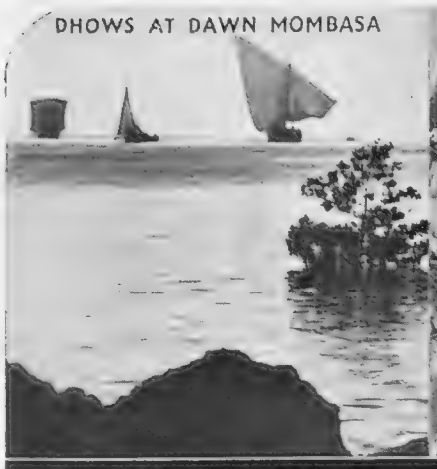
THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE: The Temple of Athene at Athens is only one of the many wonders of this city so increasingly visited since cruising took such a strong hold on the popular imagination

STILL BAFFLING THE WORLD'S ANTIQUARIES: The mighty walls of Zimbabwe, most mysterious of ruins in the heart of Africa. Many guesses have been hazarded as to who built this stronghold, some crediting the widely travelled Phœnician traders with the feat and others the ancient Egyptians. The truth may never be known, and thus it is that the place remains of such absorbing interest and should certainly be visited by all who make the African journey

The traveller to Africa may penetrate to Zimbabwe. Of all deserted cities Zimbabwe is probably the most mysterious. Were its builders Egyptian or even the Phœnicians, who seem to have travelled a great deal if one is to believe all that is attributed to them? Many guesses are hazarded as to the origin of the bee-hive buildings, the strange birds carved in stone; none can be made with much hope of accuracy.

From Africa I would come again to the Mediterranean and on the way take passing notice of the wonders of Egypt which, like those of Greece, deserve an article at least to themselves. The flight of fancy accomplished I wish you further to imagine that your liner has put into port at Beirut. From here you

(*Continued on page* 514)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TRAVELLING *with a* PURPOSE:

(Continued from page 513)

may make an expedition to Baalbek famous for the great Temple of the Sun, or Petra.

A passing reference in a prize poem of otherwise little originality has ensured, well, at least that Petra will never be

IN THE "CITY OF THE SUN": The magnificent Temple of Bacchus at Baalbek (the Heliopolis of the Greeks) is one of Syria's greatest show places. The temple is more than ever worth visiting now as the view of it has been considerably improved by some recent clearance work

thought of as blue. The beautiful, if often-quoted, words are however worthy of the place with its temples cut from the solid rock cliffs, the cave houses, the desolate splendour of its ruins. We pass on, remembering that in Arabia fabled Zerzura has been at last re-found, to India.

Indian rulers seem to have been in the habit of deserting their capitals. Failure of the water supply, which may account for cities similarly abandoned in Northern China, seems not a sufficient explanation. The fact remains that, notably at Fatehpur Sikhri and Mandu, you may realise the

AN OLD PERUVIAN CLOISTER: The monastery at Cuzco, erstwhile Inca capital, has many rare treasures of sculpture and carving. The monks who live there now are half Indian in origin

reality of Kipling's "Cold Lairs." I think I am correct in saying that both cities date in the main from the sixteenth century; that is to say that they are young compared to the others noticed in these pages.

It was, though, at this period that the Mogul rulers, with the aid of Persian and European architects, achieved the most splendid of India's buildings. What, for instance, could be more lovely than the Queen's pavilion at Mandu, built by a husband for his bride under a vow that she should always be able to see from her new home her beloved river, the sacred Nerbudda? Mandu, in the eyes of many even more amazing than Fatehpur, is astonishing by its very size. It occurs to you here how much easier it is, among buildings empty of everything save the ghosts of their former inhabitants, to imagine what life must have been like when they were lived in. ("Cloud-watching" was, by the way, one of the more quiet pastimes of the Moguls; a simple amusement.) For the preservation of both these Indian cities we should, be grateful chiefly to the late Lord Curzon.

And now I shall miss out another week or so's travel—you must imagine the flying fish, the green capes, and the Spice Islands looming above the horizon for yourselves and pass to French Indo-China, which contains the greatest ruined city of them all.

Angkor, capital of the vanished empire of Cambodia, was a flourishing city until the end of the fourteenth century when the Siamese rose against the Khmer princes and sacked it. Thence they carried away a thousand elephant loads of gold, jewels, women, household furniture, images and stones runs an Asiatic legend, curiously enough giving the women precedence over the furniture. After that day the green sea of the jungle lapped toward it, the forest arms embraced it, overcame it and, by the time that M. Mouhat arrived only a few pinnacles of stone were to be seen above the giant trees. For thirty years laborers have toiled to undo the work of those centuries of strangulation.

Much of the splendour of Angkor has vanished for ever: gone is the Buddha of the golden heads, gone the spire which rose like a spear above the towers, but the essential work of its builders remains.

Consider Angkor Wat, a temple covering an area of close on a square mile and surrounded by a moat 300 yds. wide which is crossed by the enormous causeway which supports the Sacred Way. Think of Angkor Thom whose five gates are guarded by rows of stone giants supporting the bodies of seven-headed serpents. Imagine the 100 towers of the Bayon, Angkor Thom's vast temple, the Wall of the Elephants—life size, the friezes of a myriad figures of men and beasts, the battles, the feasts and the dances in stone, and finally the huge figure of the Buddha who has seen the rise, the fall, and the renaissance of Angkor. The flight of imagination needed to visualise these wonders is truly great; but, if you can compass it, you will gain some idea of this incredible city.

We near the end of a brief survey of some of the great lost towns of the world. I would in passing, however, mention the great temples which recall the glories of the Incas in Peru and the Aztecs in Mexico. If your tour takes you to Mexico you will remember that the Pyramid of the Sun near Mexico City was the centre of the huge city of Teotihuacan of which the part so far excavated covers eight square miles.

Now, after in a small degree having dealt with a subject which I personally find of very considerable interest, let us consider some of the pleasant parts of the world to which a cruising liner can take you.

Let me begin by a short lesson in cause and effect. Have you ever considered whence came most of the money required to build Venice, or why there are so many noble buildings in Holland of the XVII and XVIII centuries, or how the patrons of the Dutch artists of the golden

Cruising Grounds of the Seven Seas

age came by their riches? The answer is in all three cases the very Spice Islands which we may have passed on our way Eastwards from Bombay. It is difficult nowadays to realise the enormous value set on spices in the Middle Ages, and it is only possible to do so by living on salt tack for weeks on end; but there was little fresh meat in winter in those days and the spice trade was of enormous value. Hence the struggle of Venice and Java to control Constantinople, hence her downfall when the road was closed by the Turks, and hence the rise of the Dutch when the Cape route was discovered.

The Dutch have long possessed Java and Sumatra: they are fascinating islands and possess magnificent scenery. Or, you may have the chance of visiting Bali, seat of an unspoilt native civilisation, which is wisely preserved from interference by the Dutch authorities. With the charm and beauty of its people, their customs, music, and art the island is an exception among the hundred native societies ruined by the whites.

AMID ANGKOR'S CRUMBLING RUINS: Remains of the vanished empire of Cambodia's mighty capital which flourished until the close of the fourteenth century and then was sacked by the Siamese who rose against the Khmer Princes

When I am drawn by the possibility of a cruise in our own islands of the West Indies. What fun it would be to be in Nassau in the Bahamas to witness the Christmas masquerade when the coloured people dance all night under the lemon moon, a picturesque relic of antique orgies! Or (you must have seen films taken from a diving bell if you have never heard of a water-glass) the splendours of the coral reefs and their kaleidoscopic life are yours through the crystal depths of the lagoons. The West Indies have in the main belonged to us for so long that one cannot but feel at home there.

The extreme South of America too has a peculiar drawing power. Think of the courage that drove on Magellan as he warped his ship through the dangerous and uncharted Straits that bear his name with on the one hand inhospitable cliffs and on the other the equally terrifying "land of fire"! You will remember how Drake on his voyage round the world in the *Golden Hind* found a man hanging on a gibbet on a desolate strand, a grim reminder of the mutiny which nearly ended the great Portuguese's voyage.

More southerly still lies the Horn, the scene of a thousand battles between men and the sea. Or, as you sail up the coast of Chile, with the Andes like a string of pearls above the clouds to the east, you will recollect the incredible conquest of Peru by Pizarro and his tiny band. History holds few more brilliant examples of daring and treachery.

It is a far cry from Pompeii to Peru, though an easy journey enough in these days. We have journeyed far in fancy, I trust with a little success in perhaps suggesting ideas for real voyages. At least I have spared you some well-worn quotations which sprang to my mind while writing this article. May those fortunate enough to be intending travellers among those who may read these lines fare well!

Hugonaut

The Traveller's Guide to Kenya and Uganda, which has just been published by the Kenya and Uganda Railways and Harbours, is an invaluable work for, with its wealth of topographical and historical information, it gives an introduction to life in East Africa that will be valued by all who make the journey to that wonderland. Details of railway and motoring routes, of big game hunting and fishing, of facilities for sport and entertainment, are also included, while at the back is a really excellent map. In an admirably phrased foreword the writer fires the imagination with his account of what lies in store for the modern adventurer who, he says, "must, always be acutely conscious of the fact that he is treading historic trails. If he is travelling anywhere north of the Zambesi and south of the Sahara Desert it is difficult for him to forget that the great interior of Africa is one of the parts of the world most recently opened up to the knowledge of civilised man by explorers whose names are written large upon the scroll of fame. Livingstone comes perhaps most readily to mind and, associated with him, H. M. Stanley; but from Zanzibar to the Congo border and beyond and all around the sources of the Nile and the great lakes of Central Africa there is scarcely a prominent physical feature of the vast landscape that is not linked immemorially with the names of the score of courageous men who in the 19th century directed the light of knowledge upon the darker recesses of the continent.

BEAUTY IN THE BAHAMAS: A yacht framed in the exotic palm trees of Nassau, New Providence Island, as it rides at anchor in the harbour

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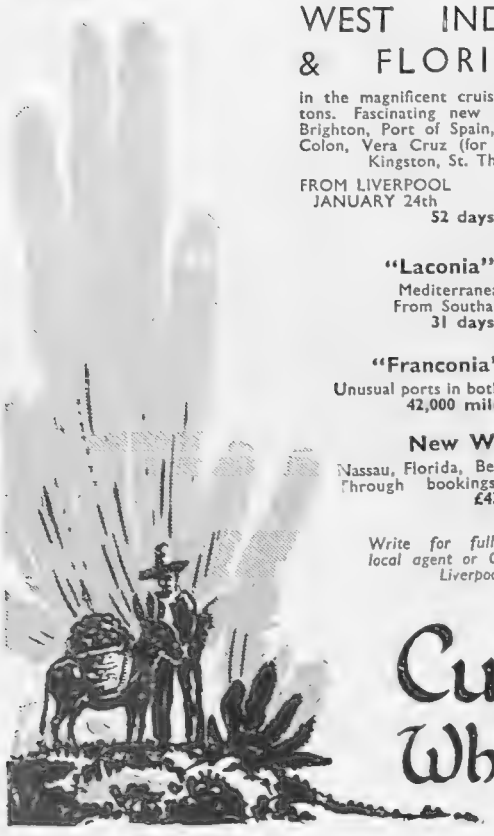

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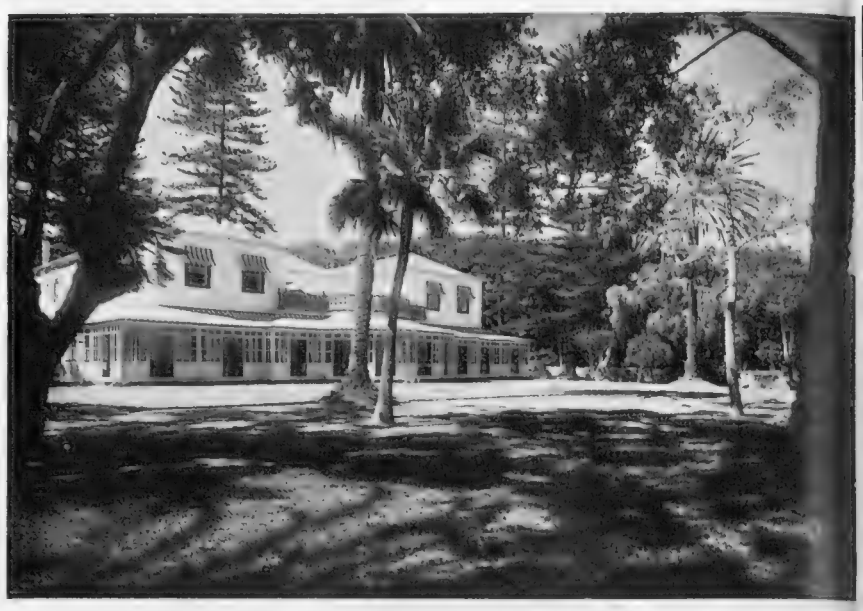

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Another and very ambitious cruise organised by this company is that of the *Franconia*, another 20,000-tonner which leaves late in December. By the time she returns at the end of May (when, we trust, the weather will be beginning to be tolerable at home) she will have covered 42,000 miles and visited thirty-two ports in twenty-two countries. Of particular interest in this round-the-world trip is the call at Tourane in French Indo-China which affords the chance of a visit to Angkor. Fares are from 418 guineas.

Another notable and interesting cruise is being run by the Pacific Steam Line of the U.S.A. The *Reina del Pacifico* leaves Liverpool on January 12 for a voyage, during which she will cover 20,132 miles and visit seventeen countries. Stops will be made at Funchal, Bahia in Brazil, Rio de Janeiro with its glorious harbour surveyed by the Sugar Loaf Mountain, and Monte Corcarado, Buenos Aires, and Port Stanley in the Falkland Isles. From this scene of one of the great war's famous sea-fights, the *Reina* will pass through the Straits of Magellan with their amazing scenery before turning north by way of Valparaiso and Callas (the port for Lima) to the Panama Canal and the Atlantic again.

A particularly interesting digression will be made on the way to visit Juan de Fernandez where Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe, lived alone from 1704 to 1709. On the way home short stays will be made at Kingston the capital of Jamaica, Havana, Nassau in the Bahamas, Bermuda, and Ponta Delgada in the Azores. The fares for this cruise cost from £140 1st class and £105 2nd class.

That famous ship of the Canadian Pacific Railways the *Empress of Britain*, 42,350 tons of luxury, will be starting on a tremendous journey when she sails from Monaco on January 22. She will be sixty-eight days at sea and spend fifty-five in port before her return to Southampton on May 24. The *Empress* will circle the world on this trip which costs from

FISHING-BOATS AT MISTRA: One of many delightful spots in Greece, now well worth visiting as prices there are low

BRIDGE OVER THE RIO COBRE, KINGSTON, the Jamaican seaport that will be visited by C.P.R. liners this winter

BY THE SHORES OF SUEZ: A camel caravan viewed from the deck of a cruise liner passing through the "cut"

LINERS GO: *Winter Itineraries*

OVERLOOKING FUNCHAL AND ITS HARBOUR: A view from the terrace of Madeira's new casino, which runs for nearly 150 yards along the cliff edge. Details of Cunard, Lamport and Holt, and other cruises to the island will be found below

37 guineas. Ships of the same fleet, the *Duchess of Richmond* and *Duchess of Atholl* are making forty-eight and thirty-two day cruises to the West Indies. The fares range respectively from 90 and 75 guineas.

In the course of her "round Africa cruise" the *Atlantis*, of the Royal Mail Line, is visiting a number of places of interest notably Port Said, Aden, the Seychelles Islands, Madagascar where the originals of the rocs of the Arabian Nights actually survived into historic times, Mauritius famous for its stamps, Durban and Cape Town, St. Helena, and Las Palmas. The cruise lasts from January 22 to March 21 and costs from 120 guineas. Other cruises organised by this line will take you to the Mediterranean and North Africa.

The Union Castle Line steamer the *Llandaff Castle* leaves London on November 25 and calls at various Mediterranean ports before passing through the Suez Canal to call at Aden and Zanzibar where you may still admire the fortress houses of the merchants in black ivory."

Our old friend the *Hilary* of the Booth Line sails on the 12th October and again on December 10 for the now famous seven-week forest tour up the Amazon. The fares, £75, £80, and £85 including excursions ashore, are reasonable and no one who decides on this cruise will have cause for regret for visiting the land of the peccary and the jaguar.

Lamport and Holt's *Vandyck* will sail from Southampton on December 20, calls being made at Madeira (for Christmas Eve festivities), Santa Cruz de la Palma, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and at Madeira again for the New Year's Eve celebrations and fireworks display. She returns to Southampton on January 5 and the fares for the sixteen days are from 25 guineas. Passengers will have the option of leaving the steamer (at own expense) at Madeira on December 24 and rejoining on the morning of New Year's Day. On February 5 the *Vandyck* sails from Southampton on a forty-six days cruise to Madeira, Barbados, Trinidad, St. Lucia, Ciudad Trujillo, Kingston (Jamaica), Havana (Cuba), Miami, Bermuda, Ponta Delgada. Fares are from 80 guineas.

Winter Sunshine Overseas published by Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son is a mine of information for the intending traveller. Not content with bare details of hotels, places of interest, currency, and customs Messrs. Cook seem always to have up their sleeves information which you would be put to it to dig out on your own. With this reference to the grandparents of tourism I leave a short survey of some of the interesting journeys which it is possible to make this winter.

S. S.

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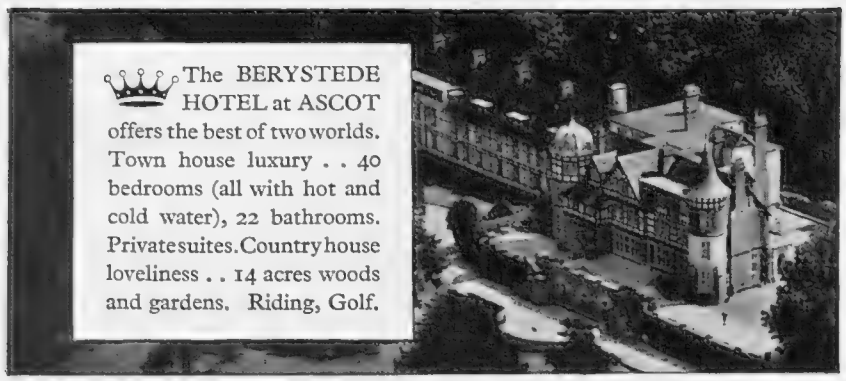

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you will find a cheerful, homely atmosphere. Running water, central heating and telephone in every bedroom. And Bexhill itself a charming sunny winter resort. Inclusive terms 3 to 5 gns. a week according to room. For details of accommodation available write or telephone 472 to Bray Associated Hotels Ltd. Chairman R. J. Bray.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

QUIET AND QUALITY . . . Quiet in its atmosphere — exclusive, yet welcoming. Quiet in its situation—secluded, yet accessible on the crest of the cliff with magnificent views of Studland Bay. Quality in its cuisine, its cellars, and its comforts. Golf on the famous Parkstone course adjacent, or on five others close by, and a choice of restful Private Suites and Bedrooms await those who value . . . Quiet and Quality. Private Beach, Tennis, Lift, Garage for 40 cars. S. Whiston, Manager, will deal personally with your enquiries.

Telephone : CANFORD CLIFFS 797–8.
*Telegrams : "Salubritas, **Bournemouth.**"*

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"A Spa that is Different"

RHEUMA SPA OF WALES

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For rheumatic and similar disabilities this Spa offers recuperative advantages different from any other Spa. Most modern treatments under supervision of qualified Resident Physician. Beautiful country mansion in own 1,000 acres. First-class cuisine, special diets.

ALL INDOOR AND OUTDOOR RECREATION FACILITIES—FISHING, RIDING, ROUGH SHOOTING, ALL GAMES, Etc. ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY CLUB (licensed). EXCELLENT WINTER QUARTERS.

Write for handsome book, post free, to The Secretary, Kinmel Hall, Abergele. Telephone: Abergele 156/7

. . . and now the Red House

comfortably within reach of London, comfortably out of reach of London's crowds and noise. Golf, tennis, swimming and all the joys of the country at your command . . . nights of perfect repose, days without a domestic care, ten acres of garden . . . an hotel where it is a pleasure to be "at home."

THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD

36 mins. from Waterloo. Bridge. Billiards. Write to Mrs. Prior, Resident Proprietress, or Telephone 164

BUILT 1690

Zounds! Shall we winter in comfort? Aye, and old fashions please us best at the Gulielmi et Mariae. Old ways, old wood, old furnishings . . . fires to warm the marrow, good ale and capon to rejoice the vitals! Soft beds and the modernest appurtenances to every chamber and suite thereof. Craftsmen to serve and cook for us. Golf to those that wot. To hounds . . . eleven meets a week. Old wines and gay spirits i' The Bar. The Cotswolds our playground . . . and the terms all-comprehending that do verily comfort our hearts and purses. Write to Mine Host, H. Mathew Stevenson, or 'phone 2575. (Hacks and Hunters at the door upon request.)

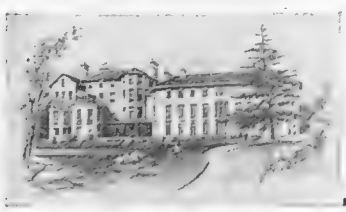
The William & Mary ✣ Stratford-on-Avon ✣

COME AND SEE . . . something distinctly different. A house that is very "liveable-in." No staff, rates, or taxes to bother with; a house where you can have a room which is more of a sitting room than a bedroom . . . or a luxury suite. A telephone in every room. No extra charge for tea in bed . . . meal in your room . . . fires . . . garage.

THE RED HOUSE EGERTON ROAD **WEYBRIDGE**

SINGLE FROM 4 GNS. DOUBLE FROM 8 GNS.

Half-a-mile from Weybridge Station. St. George's Hill Golf and Tennis Clubs. *Telephone 1550*



WHEN DAYS DRAW IN

there is always a cheerful, restful, and cosy atmosphere at Southdown Hall, where you can live luxuriously from as low as 4 gns. a week. 400 ft. up, facing full South. Fully licensed. Bridge, Billiards, Ballroom. Wimbledon 0811-2.

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THE DOWNS **HOTEL** WIMBLEDON

Country-cum-Sea-cum-London-Town

5 minutes from the Downs, half-a-mile from the sea. In 1 hr. 20 mins. fast electric trains will take you to Victoria. A conveniently situated hotel for a week-end or longer.

FERRING GRANGE HOTEL NR. WORTHING

Squash, tennis, riding "on tap." Four Golf Courses to choose from. Further information with pleasure from the Resident Director, or telephone Goring 21.

In Quest of

To Scotland "In the Steps" Stopping Places on

TO know Scotland you must return to her again and again and even then you will always feel that you are only at the commencement of an absorbing study.

On previous visits I had always crossed the Border via Carlisle or Berwick-upon-Tweed, but on my most recent journey I was very much influenced by Mr. H. V. Morton's book, *In Search of Scotland*, to enter Scotland by Carter Bar, a route which I can most strongly commend on the score of good surface, wonderful panoramic scenery, and a complete absence of industrial towns if you take the road B 6275 via Piercebridge about one mile north of Scotch Corner, and then continue at Royal Oak by A 68.

By this route on the main Newcastle-Edinburgh road, you will be bound to notice sign boards about 12 miles south of Carter Bar to Otterburn Hall Hotel. So next time you go to Scotland by road make a note of this Carter Bar route, not only for the view of Scotland which is revealed as you top the summit of the Bar, but because Otterburn—a name associated with tweeds and a battle (1368)—is becoming increasingly linked up with the Otterburn Hall Hotel, the grounds of which include the site of the battle.

I rather fear that the motorist who just drops in for an odd meal or the night will get but little idea of the comprehensiveness of Otterburn Hall and all that it offers, for after walking around the grounds for a solid hour with Mr. J. McEwan, the managing director, at a pretty hot pace, and never once going back on our tracks, I came away with a notebook of notes of which I will just quote a few. The hotel stands in a ring-fence containing 300 acres. Within this acreage are an 18-hole golf course (bogey 78), natural swimming pool in the Otter Burn, squash court, seven hard tennis courts, 6 acres of lawns, 7 miles of wooded walks, lakes, a landing ground for aeroplanes, and so much natural cover that foxes, herons, and wild geese look upon the grounds of Otterburn Hall as their natural domain.

The hotel itself, a typical Englishman's country house, is brimful of character. It is modernly equipped even to the extent of central heating in bedrooms (winter motorists take note of) and though I had no meal there, I am prepared to believe, judging by the interest Mr. McEwan takes in his farm and kitchen gardens, that those who stay at Otterburn Hall can say "here is a land flowing with milk and honey."

From Carter Bar the road to Edinburgh runs through Jedburgh and Galashiels but as I was particularly anxious to see something of the Lowlands, I made for Hawick, Selkirk, and

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

A good address

In the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating, and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request.

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Cadogan Hotel *Sloane Street* LONDON

Telephone SLOANE 7141

Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Private suites. Telephone in all rooms. Renowned for Cuisine and Service - - - - Wedding Receptions.

And here is peace . . . .

in a sheltered park of 60 acres, a sun-trap 400 feet up, an hospitable Hotel for autumn and winter residence. London within easy reach. Sporting golf course in the grounds.

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ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

First-class in comfort, cooking, and service. 85 rooms and suites.

Write to S. P. HANCOCK, Director, for tariff-booklet, entitled "*And Here is Peace.*" Telephone: Tunbridge Wells 1911.

In the lee of the Leas . . . in the smile of the sun. In fact a first-class situation for an Autumn holiday or Winter residence

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The essential details. Rooms with private bath or suites. Lift to all floors. Central heating, Cocktail Lounge, softened water. Tennis, Squash and Badminton Courts adjoining. Golf Links 10 minutes' walk. Our cooking? Well, sampling is the only proof. Your comfort is under the personal direction of the resident proprietors. 'Phone: Folkestone 2666

Good Hotels

ASHLEY COURTENAY

f" H. V. Morton:

e Carter Bar Route

Peebles and then took the road to Moffat which runs into the main Edinburgh-Carlisle road on which will be found the Crook Inn, whose postal address is Tweedsmuir, by Biggar. (telephone Polmood 2).

It is very difficult to write of the Crook without indulging in superlatives for I know no roadside inn which provides such all-round modern comforts. A particularly inviting lounge, luxuriously furnished bedrooms, a meaning in every item of furniture and equipment. No scrambling for baths as there is a bathroom to every two bedrooms.

The cooking was worthy of any large first-class hotel and the cocktail bar is a delightful blending of ancient and modern, and one can well imagine the inspiration which Burns derived when he enjoyed the hospitality of this erstwhile coaching inn.

Critical as I am of the essential qualities of a really good hotel, my standard of quality has been further advanced, and to the Crook I award full marks . . . without the slightest hesitation.

Next week I will deal with Edinburgh Hotels and others that I can recommend your visiting either in the near future when Scotland will be exhibiting her autumn tints, or when the urge of Scotland compels you to visit her armed with gun, rod . . . or even skis.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Mrs. G. (Transvaal).—If you decide to stay at an hotel actually in London, and convenient for shopping centres, theatres, and so on, I can most strongly recommend the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, but should you prefer to be outside London, though within convenient distance by train or car, I would suggest Oatlands Park Hotel, Weybridge, or Grove Hall Hotel, Twyford, Berks.

M.C. (Cambridge).—Here are three hotels in Bournemouth that I can confidently recommend from personal knowledge:—the Chine Hotel, Boscombe, Bourne Hall Hotel, and the Tollard Royal Hotel.

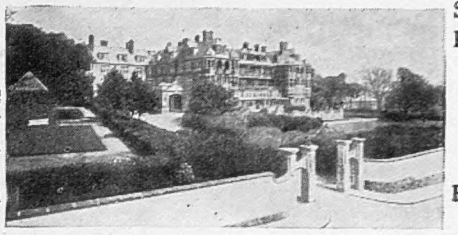
Miss N. (London).—Unfortunately you make no mention of terms. A very nice hotel indeed in Droitwich is the Worcestershire Brine Baths Hotel (Mr. R. Lush), but if you want something smaller I would recommend Ayrshire House, which is owned by the same company (manageress Miss Edgar).

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4.*

VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

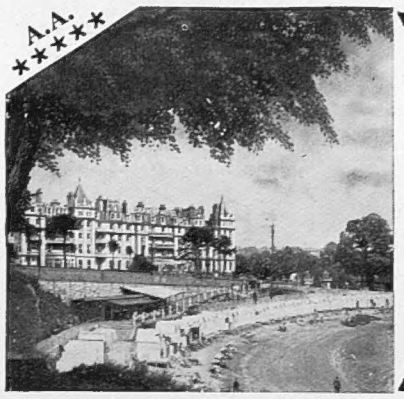
First-class, overlooking Sea. Marine Shelter with private approach to shore for bathing. Running Water in all Bedrooms.



Self-contained Suites. Rooms with private baths attached. Billiards Lift Lock-up Garages

R.A.C. A.A.

Telephone 11



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GRAND in position, facing the sea and on the level.
GRAND in appointments and cuisine, a five-star hotel and more.
GRAND to the smallest detail.

The GRAND, TORQUAY

Golf, Tennis, Squash—free to residents. Harry Evans and his Broadcasting Band play nightly. Tariff from B. Paul, Manager. 'Phone: 2234.

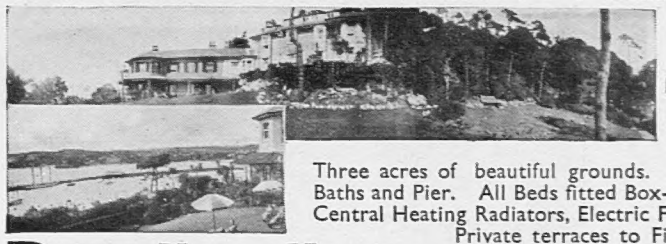
Winter in comfort this year!

Come to Lincombe Hall, the Hotel with an all-the-year-round season. A full staff. Interesting and varied menus. Warmth, comfort and the free service of Hotel bus to shops, theatres and golf. Beautiful grounds, and above all—the certainty of meeting congenial people who appreciate the many amenities which Lincombe Hall provides *from 4½ gns. a week.* No Extras. Write for descriptive brochure or 'phone 2302.

THE GARDEN HOTEL **Lincombe Hall** OF TORQUAY

LINCOMBE HALL HOTEL TORQUAY

THE HOTEL WITH THE PANORAMIC POSITION . . . OVERLOOKING TORBAY



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Three acres of beautiful grounds. One minute Spa Baths and Pier. All Beds fitted Box-Springs. H. & C., Central Heating Radiators, Electric Fires all Bedrooms. Private terraces to First Floor Rooms. Covered Veranda and Vita-Glass Sun Lounge. Tennis (hard court). Special diets if required. Send for Illustrated Brochure which gives full particulars of moderate, inclusive terms.

PARK HALL HOTEL TORQUAY *'Phone 3434.*

Mrs. P. BAGLEY, Resident Managing Director.

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Beautiful Park of 60 acres. Private Golf Course. Dancing every Saturday. Tennis, Badminton, and Squash Courts. Swimming Pool. All inclusive, from 5 guineas weekly.

Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone: Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

In the quiet of the Cathedral Close . . .

Visitors to the West Country in autumn should not fail to stay at the Royal Clarence—an 18th-century coaching house complete with every modern comfort. Grill room. Lift. Fully licensed. Write for brochure.

Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER
Telephone 4071-2

WICKHAM COURT HOTEL
WEST WICKHAM, KENT
Half an hour from City and West End.

WINTER TERMS
(Operative October 1st)
REDUCTION 20%–25%
No alteration in Standard.
Illustrated brochure on request.

An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath.

Tennis, Squash Rackets, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free.

FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).

Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

Southport in October . . .

Where the season never ends . . . the gay whirl of Lord Street, golf on one of the famous seven courses, dancing at the Prince, and a hundred other indoor and out-of-door activities all at their best at Southport in autumn. Now is the time to take a late holiday or better still settle down for the winter at the

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL SOUTHPORT'S LEADING HOTEL

the congregating point of Who's Who in the North. Good food, comfort and courtesy. Dancing every Saturday night.

Write to H. Gascoigne, Managing Director, for further details. Telephones: 4131.

WHEN WINTER COMES

Pine-scented air to keep you free from winter ailments and to aid sleep a comfortable bed. A winter headquarters in delightful country with crackling fires in the lounges and central heating in every single room of the house. London and the coast within easy reach; golf and plenty of amusement near by. Tempting menus, tempting inclusive terms . . . at an hotel and a home.

THE CREST HOTEL
CROWBOROUGH
"A wee bit of Scotland in Sussex"

Write for tariff to A. Eglinton Adams, Resident Proprietor, late of the Royal British Hotel, Edinburgh

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY

An Autumn holiday? Our flowers, our sunshine, our bathing, and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice. And for winter . . . the same equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious haven from an English winter. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Proprietor, A. Colley.

Telegrams: "Sheltered, Jersey."

— An hour and a half by plane from Heston —

SCOTLAND

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THE ALISON HOTEL

Telephones: 31295-6 Melville Crescent *Telegrams:* "Melcrest, Edinburgh"

Centrally situated in a quiet position in the West End of the City
Modernly equipped throughout :: Electric Elevator

HONG KONG TYPHOON (Continued from page 489)

garden seat and the tall palms in cement tubs have been blown right across the lawn like so much paper. The arbour with the baby's swing is just a tangled mass of broken wooden stakes and greenery. The wooden fence separating the grass from the water has been ripped up—yards and yards of it—and flung aside. All the flowers are ruined—and not only in our garden; there is not a flower to be had in the Colony.

During the height of the typhoon, there were 2 ft. of water all over our garden, and it was impossible to tell where the sea ended and the jetty began. (I didn't see this myself because I daren't open the shutters). Our go-down was flooded, and the amah's rice and starch were ruined, and the coolie's best shoes carried away! The dog-kennel too was under water, although it is built off the ground, and our two foxhound puppies were frightened and cold and miserable and unable to lie down—their whinings were drowned in the noise of the gale!

Looking beyond what yesterday was our garden fence, I saw several pathetic little empty sampans, floating bottom up. And from where I am writing now I can see, out in the harbour waters, two cargo vessels uncomfortably beached on what is known as Stonecutter's Island. While a Chinese gunboat and a Canton river steamer are lying in unnaturally affectionate proximity because one has fouled the other's cables.

When I went to the garage to take out the car and have a look at the damage elsewhere, I found that the garage roof had been blown off and the doors blown out. The car, very luckily, is undamaged.

Everywhere I went this morning I saw destruction—walls and trees blown down; roofs blown off and windows and shutters blown in; shops flooded and goods ruined.

Jean Gordon

IDLE DAYS ON 'CHANGE (Continued from page 492)

Chemical Industries, and our old friend International Nickel, must benefit considerably. As a matter of fact experts assure me that they are bound to go up. They are doing very well as it is, and another war could not hurt them much!

To-day, though, the market has so accustomed itself to scares that the beginning of autumn may be expected to see an all round appreciation in values. It has come through the holiday period with its crisis a day pretty bravely in view of the lack of professional support, and it is interesting to note that of the last four new issues which have come before the public, each was over subscribed. Technically this is a very important point, for it shows that the public still has the urge and the means to invest money in undertakings offered on reasonable terms.

Well, the day after to-morrow is Monday, and if the experts who have given me the material for this article are right, an appreciation of shares can soon be expected. Of course, if there were an Anglo-American alliance or even an Anglo-German entente, everything would sky-rocket. Unfortunately for Shorter's Court and Throgmorton Street, the latter at least appears to be a pipe dream.

LONDON'S BETH-DIN (Continued from page 495)

discredit the Jewish community by unholy action or conduct, would prove more effective in disposing of such cases to the mutual advantage of the parties concerned and the general social well-being.

The other classes of civil cases are of the County Court and High Court type. They concern master and workman, a landlord and tenant, vendor and purchaser, claims for commission, questions of inheritance, and cases of breach of promise. In disputes affecting trade or industry the Beth-Din frequently invites the aid of experts to guide it as to the state of the market or the customs of the trade.

The civil cases, as will be seen, form a substantial part of the Beth-Din work. But these cases constitute only one section of the activities of the Jewish Court.

The other, and in a sense perhaps more important, division of the Beth-Din work is ecclesiastical. The Beth-Din, it must be remembered, is primarily an ecclesiastical court. As such it deals with ritual or religious matters (including the widely ramifying questions of Shechita and Kashruth, i.e. the preparation and supervision of meat and other food products in accordance with the requirements of the Jewish Dietary Laws) which affect mainly the metropolis, but very largely also the provinces and in some measure even the distant Colonies.

The Beth-Din has identified itself most intimately with the varied needs of the Jewish community—religious, educational, and social. According to the testimony of visitors from other lands, who have seen it at work, the London Beth-Din, in its organisation and its labours, occupies a unique place among the Bote-Din in European countries. For, apart from the normal religious and ritual work which every Beth-Din is called upon to perform, the London Jewish Court acts in co-operative helpfulness with many organised bodies both within and without the community, it is a veritable beehive of activity; one of the most tangible assets of Anglo-Jewish communal organisations, working in the interests of the larger social order.

MASARYK: AN APPRECIATION

(Continued from page 496)

statesmen; and lucky above all in his friends. His foremost disciple was Dr. Edward Benes, a man after his own heart and, like his leader, a man striving rather to build up a modern State than to restore an ancient one.

On an August day in 1914 Dr. Benes called on Thomas Masaryk.

"This is our chance," said Benes. "We must do something."

"I have already begun," replied Masaryk; "but we cannot start a revolution without money." It was Benes who got the first money together. He brought 1,200 kronen to Masaryk, who immediately set off on his crusade. He went first to Holland, then to England, and then to France. The Vienna Courts sentenced him to death and imprisoned his daughter; but Masaryk's work now lay among the Allies, and Vienna could fulminate as much as it pleased. In 1917 Masaryk undertook his famous "revolutionary voyage round the world."

The results we know.

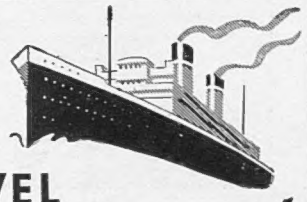
Masaryk published the Declaration of Czechoslovak Independence on October 18, 1918. Ten days later revolution broke out in Prague, and the new State became a fact. On November 14 Masaryk was elected first president. In 1920 his term of office was extended for a period of seven years. It was renewed in 1927 and again in 1934. He resigned on December 14, 1935, at the age of eighty-five, declaring that: "The presidential office requires the full vigour of a man and, as I find I can no longer meet the demands of office, I therefore resign. We require a well-conducted foreign policy; and, at home, justice for all citizens of whatever nationality."

Thomas Garrigue Masaryk was a great man. As much because he founded a new and powerful State as because at all times he has insisted upon "justice for all citizens of whatever nationality."

Roy Elston

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The great work of caring for 1,100 poor boys and girls carried on by the above Society requires your constant help. These poor children in the Society's care are being maintained and trained to take part in the battle of life. The *Arethusa* boys are being trained for a life at sea, and will enter the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. The boys in the Homes are being taught definite trades and will always be employable, while the girls are being trained for domestic service. Please send a donation to help this great work of caring for young children. Your gift will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.



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Bath.—The Empire.
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Bexhill-on-Sea.—Riposo Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," West Parade.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Cornwall).—Wellltown Manor. Tel. 17
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Falmouth.—Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hinton (New Forest, Hants.).—East Close Htl.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Liss (Hampshire).—East Hill Country House Htl.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Padstow.—Metropole Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Tempsford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Grasmere.—Prince of Wales Lake Hotel. Tel. 4.
Grasmere.—Dale Lodge Hotel. Tel. 20.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
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Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

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Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Gullane.—Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire (Sma' Glen).—Amulree Hotel.
Perthshire.—The Royal Hotel, Tyndrum.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.

WALES

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Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

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Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
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Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

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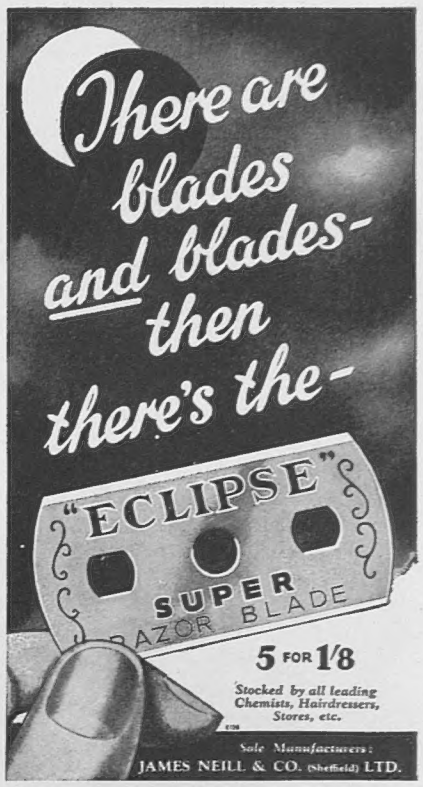

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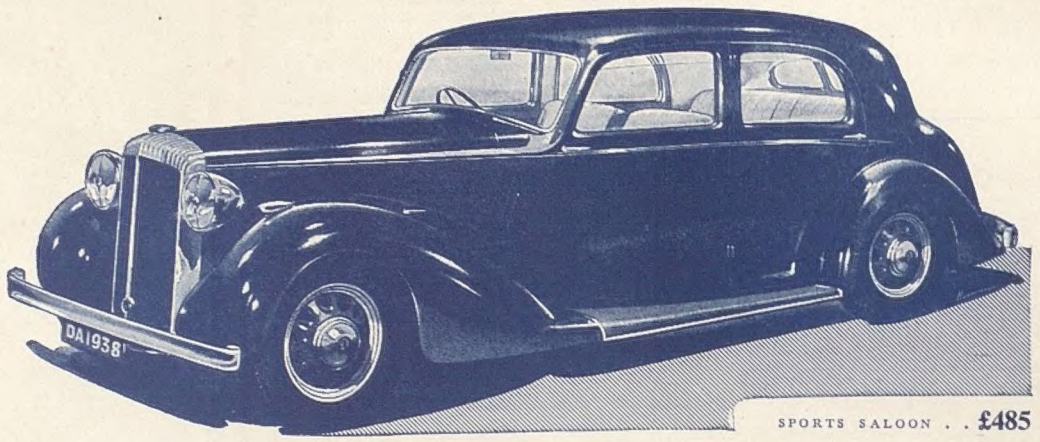

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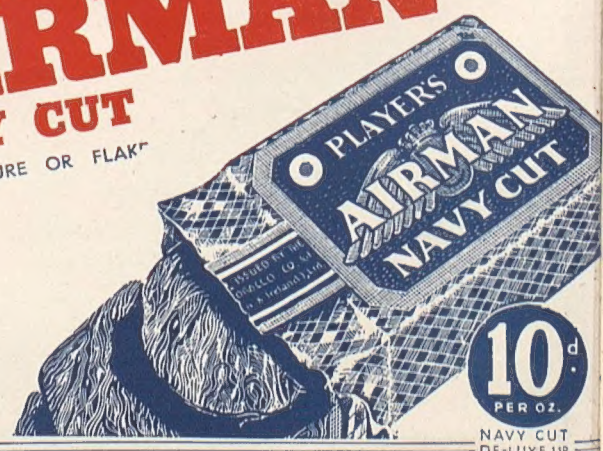

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